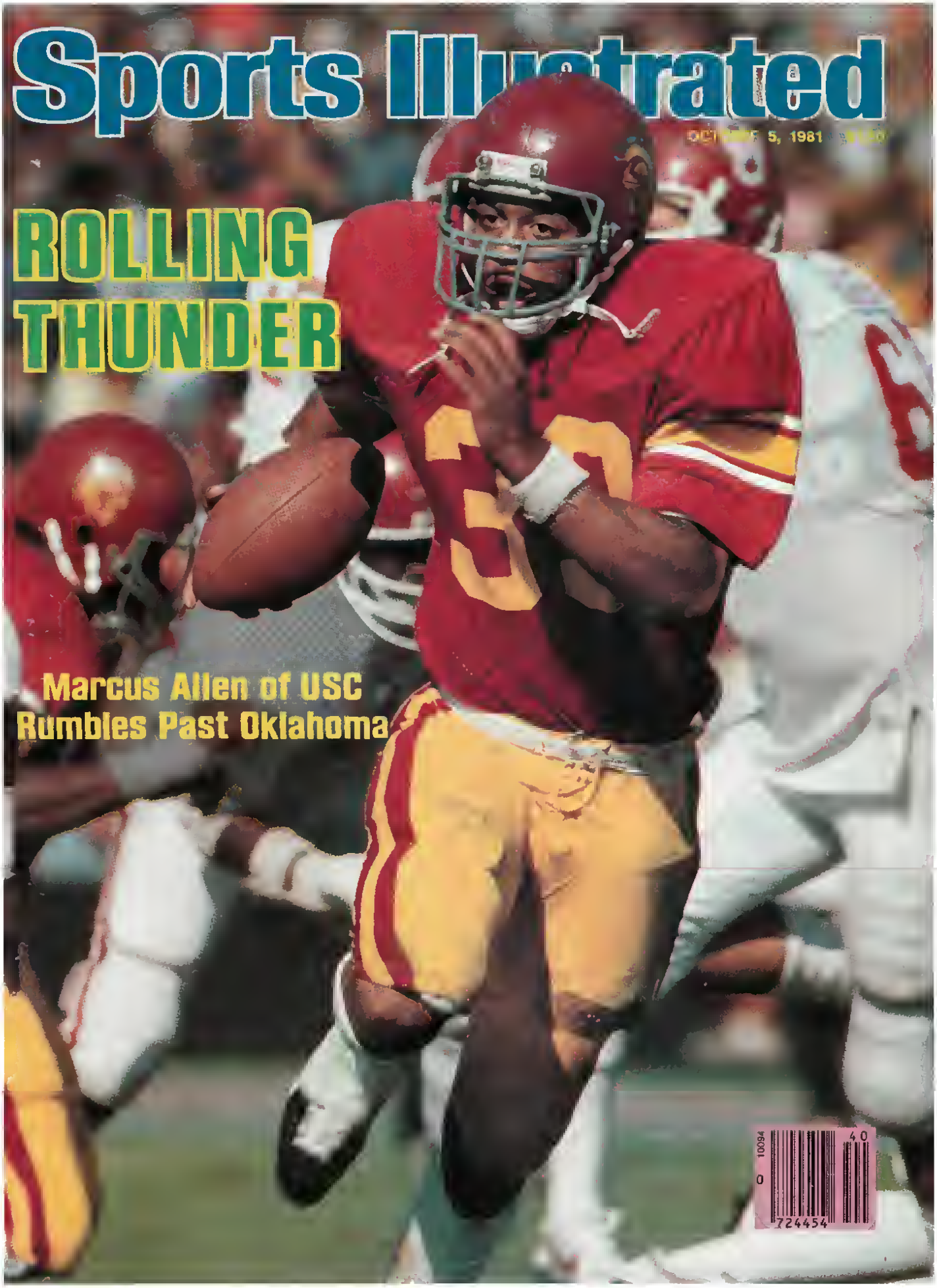
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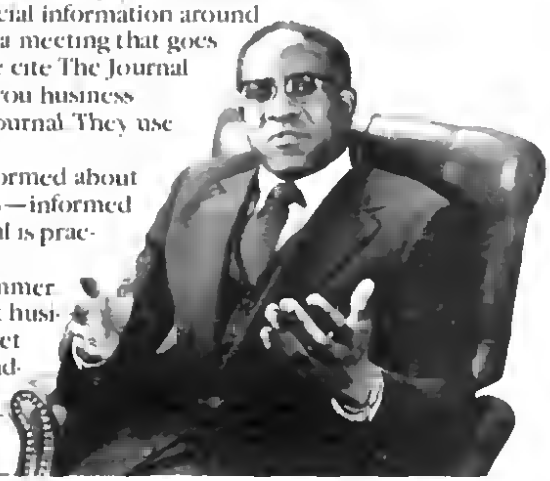

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Sports Illustrated

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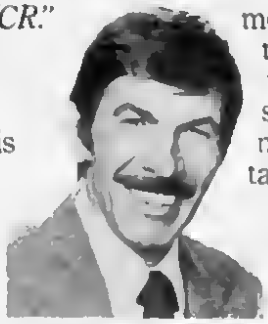

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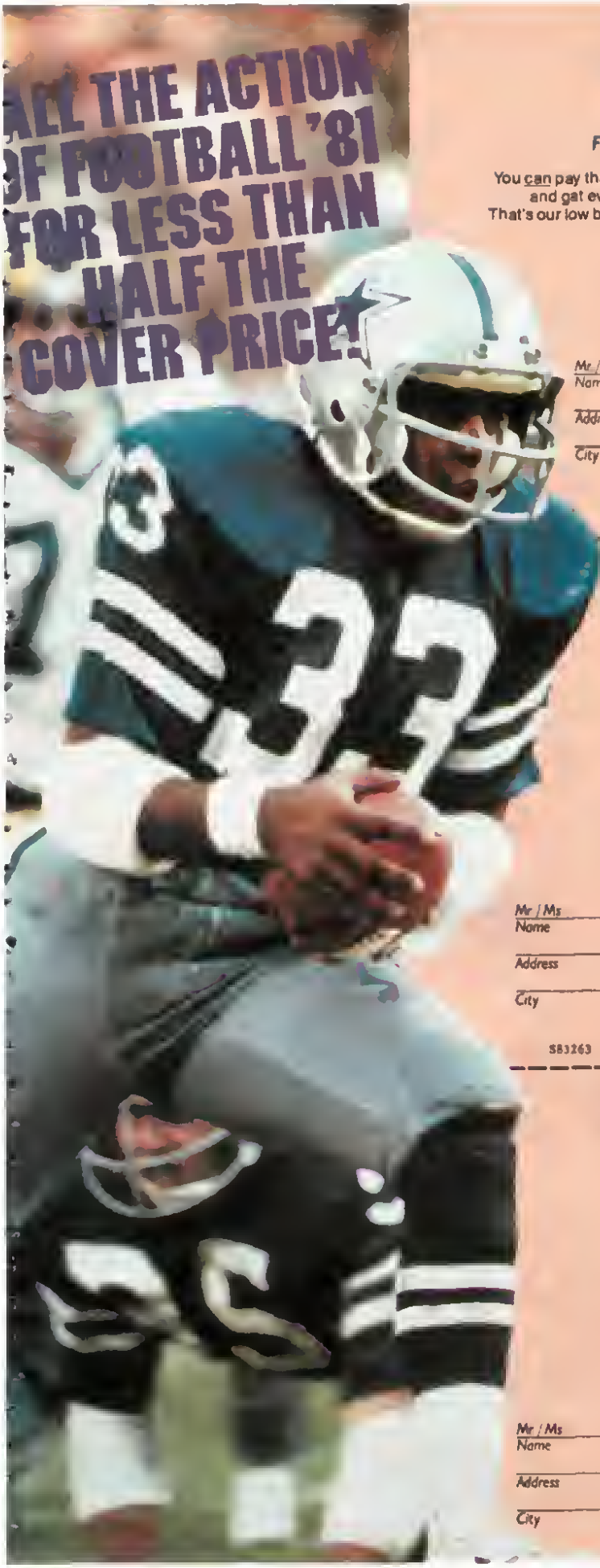

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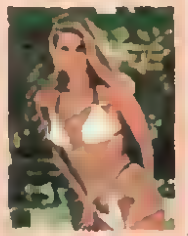

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Footloose

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

BEAUTY FLIES WITH SWALLOWS' WINGS WHEN THE TIME OF MIGRATION NEARS

In *The Bay*, Gilbert Klingel writes that dividing a day into the hours of events in a marsh is a better way of keeping time than going by the clock. "How much more descriptive it is to speak of the Dark Hour of the First Voice, the Time of the Wakening of the Birds, the Interval of the Rising Tide, or the Hour of the Littorina!" Klingel exclaims. "The creatures of the swamp do not live by arithmetic; they are moved by events, are actuated by sun and tide, by light and darkness, by heat and cold, by hunger and fullness, and by the movements of life about them."

Klingel's remarks come to mind when I think of the swallows in Constitution Island Marsh Sanctuary in Phillipstown, N.Y. Owned by the Taconic State Park Commission and administered by the National Audubon Society, the sanctuary is located 50 miles up the Hudson River from Manhattan and directly across from West Point. Here, in August and September before migration, dusk is the Hour of the Swallows. From nearby lakes and ponds where they have spent the day, thousands of them fly in to frolic and to roost in the 270-acre tidal marsh. The swallows are present in such abundance I can see them from my house a mile away, but for sheer spectacle nothing can possibly match being right there in the marsh with them. It's like being in the midst of a feathered blizzard.

Just before Labor Day the tides were right for getting a canoe over the mud flats to the heart of the action, and I spent three consecutive evenings watching the birds at close range with Dave Seymour, a friend who manages the sanctuary. By the time we paddled to the creek bend where the birds concentrate, there were swallows everywhere—the majority were tree swallows, the rest bank, rough-winged and barn swallows. They were flying in over the stands of cattails and wild rice and dipping into the flat water of the creek before bouncing into the air again like skipped stones. On both sides of us, the birds whipped the water white. There were swallows directly overhead,

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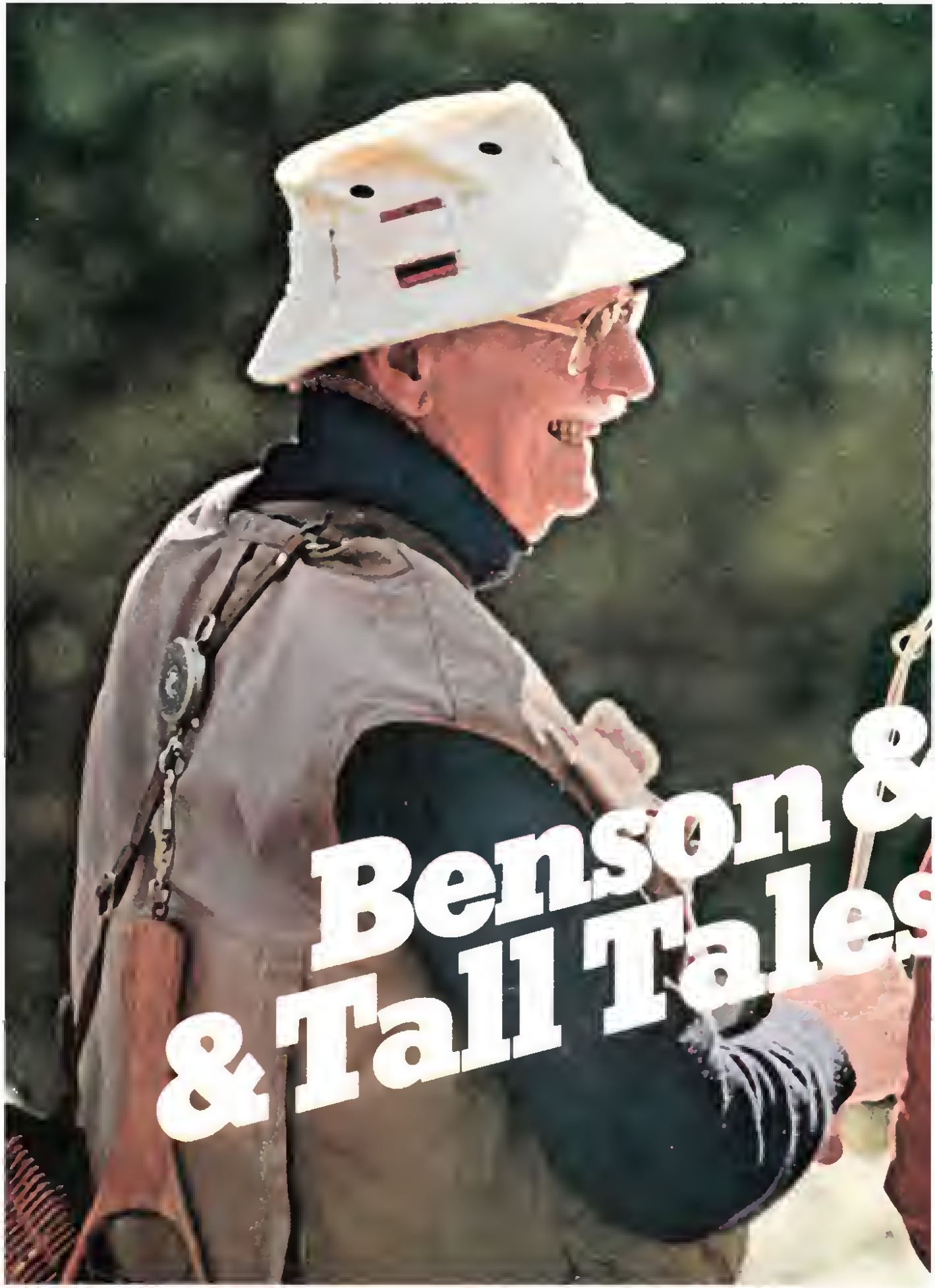
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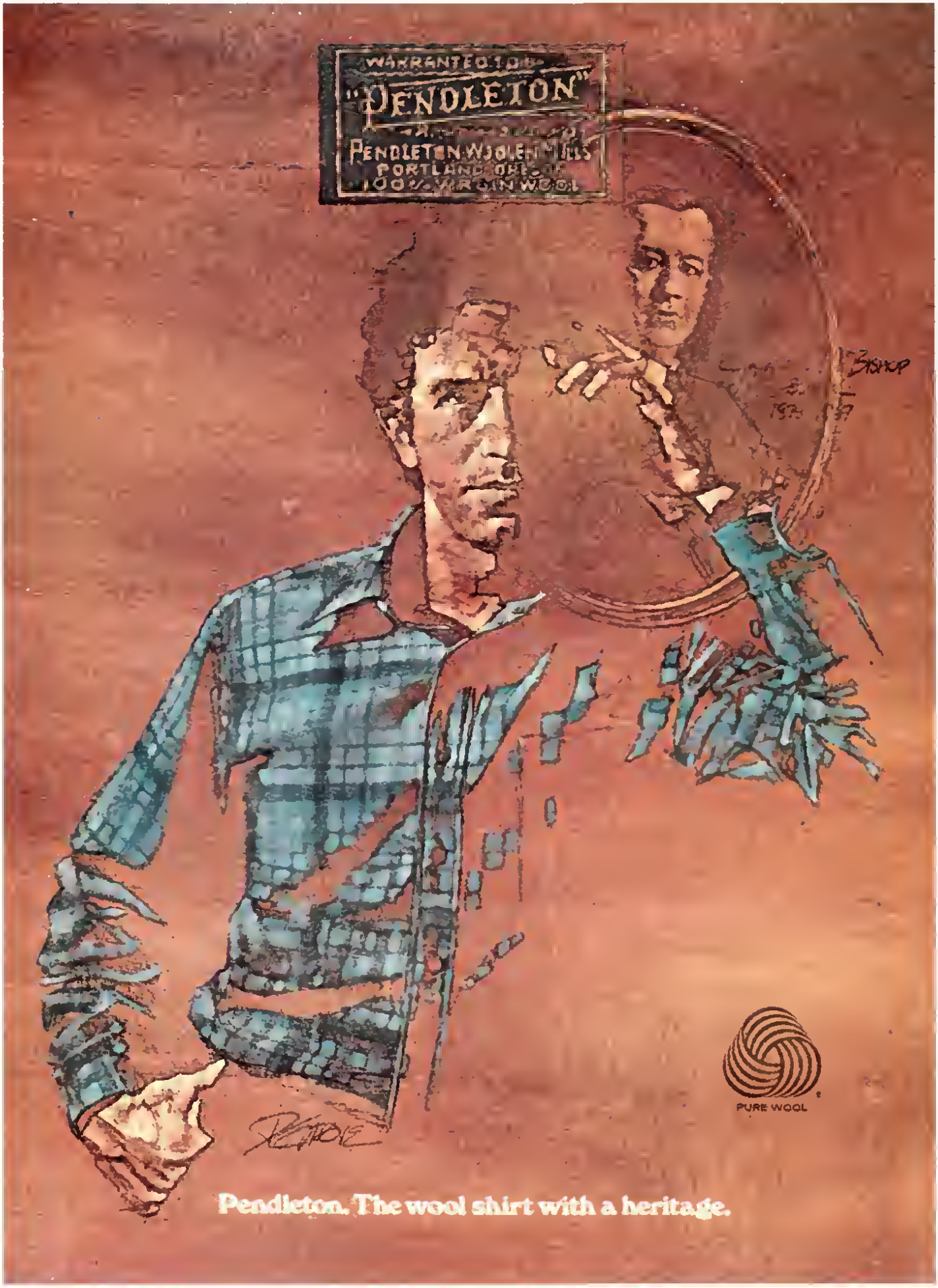
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and above them more swallows, and still more above them. "I've never been bombed yet," Seymour said. "They must know I'm from Audubon." Through my binoculars I could see swallows stacked up in the sky until they disappeared into the bright belly of a cloud lit by the setting sun. A few birds began to roost, fluttering for footholds on the head of a cattail or bending down the delicate stalks of wild rice. The swallows, amid the traceries of green, gave the scene the aspect of an exquisite Chinese painting.

The buildup of swallows continued. It didn't seem possible that they could fly without colliding with one another. By now the tide was dropping quickly, and as we paddled out, a couple of thousand screeching blackbirds took off in alarm from the trees on the south dike. We stopped, and we saw still more swallows flying in over the dike to the marsh. I began to count those flying through a 50-foot gap between two trees. In a minute I counted 200, and given the length of the dike, I calculated that 5,000 to 6,000 swallows a minute were pouring into the marsh from this direction alone. Even if I trimmed that to 1,000 swallows a minute from all directions, the number was extraordinary. "Look back," said Seymour. I looked toward the creek bend. The air was thick with swallows as low and as high as we could see. Conservatively, we both estimated there were 10,000 to 20,000 swallows flying. There might well have been more. Flocks upward of 100,000 have been seen migrating along the East Coast.

The next night there were more, and on the third night, when we brought our wives, there were even more. This time, just before darkness closed in, the swallows did something I had heard about but had never seen. Suddenly with a rush, all the birds that had gone to roost in the marsh rose up 20 feet. As though one, they massed together in a smoky hand and spiraled into the sky. The swallows flew higher and higher, twisting and turning like a giant scarf. Then slowly the formation tore in half like gauze, and there were two giant scarves climbing into the clouds. We lost them, even with binoculars. Five minutes passed. We could see them in flocks of 20, 50 and more flying low, returning to the roost in the last pinch of light. We looked up in the sky a final time. Not a single bird was to be seen. We paddled out. The Hour of the Swallows was over. **END**

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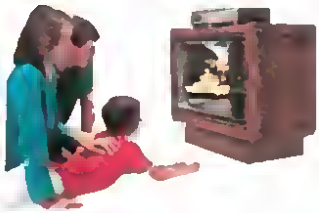

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Sideline

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

RUB-A-DUB-DUB, ALL THE BASEBALLS ARE SCUFFED WITH BLACKBURNE MUD

In the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum at Cooperstown, N.Y., treasures such as Joe DiMaggio's locker and Bobby Thomson's bat have been joined by a decidedly unusual artifact: a coffee can filled with mud. This foot soldier among generals is Lena Blackburne Baseball Rubbing Mud, which has been used for 44 years by umpires for the essential, if modest, purpose of scuffing new baseballs to remove the gloss and make them easier to grip.

Although Blackburne mud has earned its fair share of the historical spotlight, the stuff still seems better suited to a Hall of Obscurity. Most fans and players don't realize it exists, and even the umpires who use it know little about it. During last year's World Series, former Umpire Ron Luciano, guessing wildly, commented to a national television audience that baseball was paying $100 a can for the mud. Columnist Peter Coutros of the New York *Daily News* compounded this error by lambasting baseball for coughing up so much money for " . . . plain old dirt that has turned squishy from being wet so long."

To set the record straight, in case another World Series telecast includes more misinformation on the stuff, here's the low down on Blackburne mud.

The first fact to grasp is that shiny, new baseballs have always come from the factory too slick to be handled well. In the sport's earliest years balls were usually roughed up with tobacco juice, a substance easily obtained in ball parks, or with a mixture of water and dirt. But both methods either scarred balls or made them easier to scar, and gave pitchers the unfair advantage of throwing balls that moved as erratically as butterflies.

The problem was solved in 1938 by Russell (Lena) Blackburne, a coach for the Philadelphia Athletics. Blackburne dug up some mud from a river near his home in southern New Jersey, doctored it in a mysterious manner and gave it to an umpire. The mud proved ideal. It was odorless and greaseless, and although it appeared as smooth as chocolate mousse, it contained a superfine grit that scuffed a ball's cover evenly and almost invisibly, without changing the natural flight of the ball.

Eventually both major leagues were using Blackburne mud exclusively. Blackburne died in 1968, but his friend John Haas carried on with the dirty business. A couple of seasons later, Haas passed the job along to his daughter, Catherine, and her husband, Burns Bintliff, a carpenter with the New Jersey Turnpike Authority.

Where the mud comes from and how it's altered have been deep dark secrets

continued

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from the beginning. When Lena Blackburne was asked where he dug the mud up, he impishly donned a clam digger's outfit and led reporters and photographers on a wild-goose chase. Today Burns Bintliff swears that "the formula hasn't changed one bit," but, he adds, "I won't say what's in it and what's not."

The Bintliffs' clandestine production line begins each fall when Burns pulls on his Phillies cap, recruits a couple of his five sons and heads out to a tributary of the Delaware River in the family motorboat. At the mother lode they wait for the outgoing tide to lower the boat onto the mud. Then Burns valiantly jumps into the waist-deep ooze and passes pailfuls up to be dumped into large garbage cans. During eight backbreaking hours, the little crew is able to collect about 400 pounds.

Back in the garage at home they strain out some 100 pounds of stones, sticks and water. Later the mud is treated—who knows how?—in the laundry room and packed in one-pound coffee cans donated by neighbors. In February and March the cans of mud are shipped to teams in the major leagues and in the International League, the Pacific Coast League and the American Association.

This modest enterprise is hardly a bonanza. Because just the tiniest dab is needed to scuff a ball, two cans of mud take care of a team's needs from spring training through the playoffs. The Bintliffs charge about $20 a can plus shipping costs, and clear barely enough to pay for one family vacation.

The Bintliffs, who are die-hard baseball fans, claim that their real profit has nothing to do with money. "That mud makes our family part of the National Pastime," says Catherine. "We are a necessary, unchanging part of baseball. Because of that mud we've been invited to the Hall of Fame game every year and have met people like Casey Stengel and Bob Feller."

True to their word, the Bintliffs turn down all outside opportunities to capitalize on the mud. They have refused offers to appear on television shows that would exploit the oddity of their sideline, and they profess no interest in packaging the mud for public sale. So if you want to see Lena Blackburne Baseball Rubbing Mud, you have only two choices. You can visit the Hall of Fame, or you can go out to the park and, as the coaches say, keep your eye on the ball. **END**

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A DISASTER AND A MOCKERY FOLLOWED BY (WEATHER PERMITTING) A WORLD SERIES

This most unloved of baseball seasons is mercifully nearing an end. Stunted by the 50-day players' strike, the 1981 season then was butchered by the split-season-*cum*-extra-playoff scheme. The notion that the new format would hype fan interest after the strike qualifies as the biggest marketing miscalculation since the Edsel. As for the increased playoff revenues that will be produced by adding a round of best-of-five divisional playoffs, these can scarcely compensate for the scheme's having sapped the regular season of its momentum, its logic and, ultimately, its credibility.

The first grotesquerie created by the split-season tinkering was the realization that under the original format, a team might have qualified for the playoffs by deliberately throwing games. That situation was largely corrected, but another oversight was pointed up last week when Oakland A's Manager Billy Martin threatened to boycott the newly created round of playoffs because no provision had been made to reward coaches or managers with shares of the extra playoff loot. Another unwelcome consequence of the expanded playoff format is that the seventh game of the World Series is now set for Oct. 28, six days later than previously scheduled. And that's not allowing for rain delays that could produce the game's first November classic. In defending a later-than-ever World Series, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, whose imperviousness to the cold is well established, said, "If you've studied October weather patterns as I have, you know that, historically, the weather does not change much from week to week." Kuhn's meteorological data aside, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*'s Allen Lewis studied the weather in nine likely World Series sites for the past five years and found that the average decline in the median temperature from the third to the fourth week of October was a substantial 7°. The later start increases the possibility that there will be a foot of snow at the World Series, the amount that fell in Montreal on Oct. 22, 1969.

All this is in addition to the havoc the split season has already worked on 1981 pennant races. Such races had served to qualify four teams for postseason play, but this year's will produce eight, a proliferation that devalues regular season games. The format being used has put some of the worst teams in contention for playoff spots—the Toronto Blue Jays, with a full-season record of 36–65 (.356), have printed playoff tickets—while Cincinnati (63–38, .624) could have the best record in baseball yet miss the playoffs. Having already locked up playoff berths, first-half winners like the Yankees are meanwhile sleepwalking through the second season. Outfielder Lou Piniella says, "The Yankees play their best when they have to win." The implication that they haven't had to play their best of late is an affront to the paying customers.

It's hardly surprising that those customers haven't exactly been beating down the gates. According to a *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* survey, post-strike attendance has averaged 19,255 in the National League and 17,884 in the American, down 2,162 and 1,134 from the same period last season, with 17 of the 26 teams experiencing declines. Many fans obviously have had difficulty taking the split-season races seriously. At Fenway Park, where the Red Sox were battling for a division title, only 14,575 turned out last week for a game against Milwaukee. The New York Mets briefly moved to within 2½ games of first yet drew just 6,855 for a home night game against the Pirates. Flagging interest is also reflected in the fact that ratings for NBC's *Game-of-the-Week* have averaged 6.4 since the strike vs. 7.6 for a like period in 1980, that represents a loss of three million viewers per game. It's another indication of apathy that after the Twins recently won six in a row at home to pull into contention for a playoff berth, none of the four Twin Cities newspapers staffed the next road trip. When the Cardinals, then in first place, arrived in Chicago last week to play the Cubs, who had drawn to within 3½ games of first, only 3,634 fans showed up at Wrigley Field. Scolded Cardinal Manager Whitey Herzog, "You can talk about the Cubs being a contender, but if they go to the World Series, it would be a mockery. For the first time, baseball has done the same thing our country is doing—reward incompetence."

Herzog's ire is shared by Phillie Vice-President Bill Giles, who calls the split season "a disaster," and by Oriole owner Edward Bennett Williams, who hasn't forgiven management negotiator Ray Grebey for having all but engineered the strike. "Every time I think of what that guy did," said who blames his fellow owners for making matters worse by splitting the season. Former Oriole owner Jerry Hoffberger, still the club president, adds, "As an owner, my primary concern was over baseball's leadership and I'm no less concerned now. It gets worse instead of better." He may be right. At least one baseball man, Padre President Ballard Smith, has actually expressed hope that the split season will become a permanent fixture. He's apparently encouraged by how splendidly the experiment has gone this summer.

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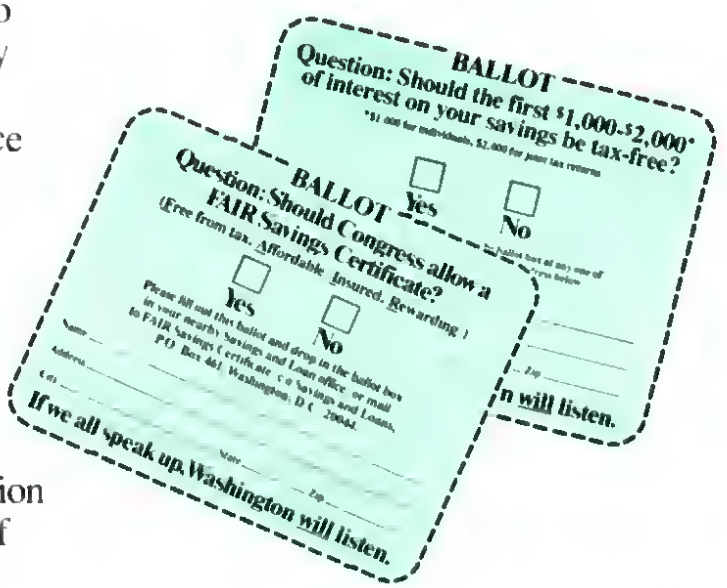

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ROLL ON, MOELLER

The legacy that Notre Dame rookie football Coach Gerry Faust left at Cincinnati's Moeller High, where he coached for 18 years, could hardly have been more impressive, a 174–17–2 record and a 33-game winning streak capped by a victory over Massillon High last Nov. 23 for the 1980 state championship. Moeller's fifth such title in six years. The apprehension that Moeller partisans understandably felt when Faust departed has now eased considerably. While Faust has already twice tasted defeat at Notre Dame, Moeller, under new coach Ted Bacigalupo, who had been Faust's assistant for 13 seasons, has extended its winning streak to 37 by beating Centerville 21–7, Hampton (Va.) Bethel 17–0, Massillon 24–6 and Toledo Whitmer 37–0. Nor is there any sign the Moeller juggernaut will slow in the foreseeable future. Its reserve team, like the varsity, has a 4–0 record, and the Moeller freshmen are undefeated and unscored upon in two games.

THIS CARDINAL FLIES BOTH WAYS

In this era of specialization, two-way football players are exceedingly rare. Indeed, until the St. Louis Cardinals' Roy Green did the trick in a 40–30 win over Washington on Sept. 20, no NFL player in 24 years had caught and intercepted passes on the same day. Green, who also returns kickoffs—he ran one back 106 yards for a touchdown against Dallas in 1979—ordinarily plays safety but was pressed into semi-double duty three weeks ago because of an injury to starting Wide Receiver Mel Gray. Green takes Gray's place on offense and still plays on defense, as the nickel back who comes in on obvious passing downs. Against the Redskins, Green caught four passes for 115 yards, including a 58-yarder from Jim Hart for a TD, and he intercepted a Joe Theismann pass. Asked how Defensive Back Roy Green would cover Receiver Roy Green, he says, "I'd be part of a double zone against him. You can't bump and run with him. He has a little speed."

SOUR TOUR

In granting the visas that allowed the Springboks, South Africa's national rugby team, to conduct its controversial U.S. tour, the Reagan Administration took the position that the rugbymen were engaged in nonpolitical pursuits and thus should be admitted to this country on the same basis as individual South Africans. Yet the now-completed tour had political overtones from start to finish. Defying as it did an international campaign to ostracize South African national teams, the authorization of the Springboks' visit undermined the U.S. position in the Olympic movement, which long ago branded South Africa an outlaw country. It also strained the U.S.'s sporting ties with black Africa, whose leaders protested that the tour played into the hands of the South African government, which seeks to use sport to legitimize its odious apartheid policies.

One who was under no illusions about the nature of the South African team's visit was U.S. District Court Judge Howard G. Munson. He issued a ruling early last week that enabled the Springboks, who had already played one game in Racine, Wis. (SI, Sept. 28), to play two more games in New York State. That concluded their stormy tour, one marred by bombings of offices housing U.S. rugby organizations in Schenectady, N.Y. and Evansville, Ind. Without taking a position on whether the Springboks should have been admitted to the U.S., Munson held that once in this country, they had to be allowed to play. He reasoned that the tour was protected under First Amendment free-assembly guarantees precisely because it was a political event.

TROPHY MANIA

At a meeting three days after the NHL's best players had been humiliated 8–1 by the Soviet Union in the Canada Cup championship game in Montreal (SI, Sept. 21), the league's single-minded Board of Governors apparently realized that a couple of the NHL's 420 players hadn't yet received anything nice for their trophy cases. To remedy that unforgivable situation, the award-happy governors created a second trophy for goaltenders, one meant to supplement the Vezina Trophy, heretofore conferred on the goalie combination with the lowest goals-against average for the season. The thinking was that with most NHL clubs now using more than one goalie, the Vezina had gone from being recognition of the accomplishments of a specific goalie to recognition of the superiority of the team with the best overall defense. The governors decreed that there will now be both a Vezina, which henceforth will probably be bestowed on the league's most valuable goalie, and a new, yet-to-be-named trophy to be awarded to the team that gives up the fewest goals.

As soon as the new trophy is named, it can take its rightful place alongside the NHL's Art Ross, Hart, Lady Byng, Bill Masterton, Lester Patrick, Calder, James Norris, Jack Adams, Frank J. Selke and Conn Smythe trophies. And, of course, the Vezina. And various Molson trophies bestowed on the outstanding member of six of the NHL's seven Canada-based teams. And spots on the All-Star team. And the three players voted stars of most NHL games.

On the chance that the NHL brass has difficulty coming up with a name for yet another award, we offer the following. Why not continue giving the Vezina to the best defense, and call the new goaltending award, in honor of the Soviet netminder who handcuffed the NHL-stocked Team Canada in the Canada Cup showdown, the Vladislav Tretiak trophy?

PURPLE PATIENCE

Northwestern, which keeps hiring eager new coaches who can't seem to turn the school's ailing football program around, is now 0–3 under rookie Coach Dennis Green, leaving the Wildcats with a 23-game losing streak and only one victory in their last 36 games. Nevertheless, the school recently signed its first-ever, multi-year contract for radio coverage of its games. The call letters of the Chicago station bringing the action to Northwestern's long-suffering fans are WAIT.

THEY SAID IT

• Sugar Ray Leonard, recent victor over Thomas Hearns, enjoying a day in his honor in Washington that included a meeting with President Reagan and the passage of a congressional resolution extolling his pugilistic skills: "If I'd known I would receive something like this, I would have knocked Hearns out a long time ago."

• Garo Yepremian, veteran NFL placekicker who was given his release last week by the struggling Tampa Bay Buccaneers: "They've got transmission problems, but instead of changing the transmission, they change a tire."

• Joe Scannella, who was recently fired as coach of the Canadian Football League's Montreal Alouettes, watching David Overstreet, the team's fumble-prone running back, walking through a hotel lobby with his ubiquitous portable stereo player blaring away: "I wish that thing was shaped like a football." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 5, 1981

THEM'S THE

The Sooners twice led by 10 points but five of their 10 fumbles were recovered by Trojans, including this one by Linebacker Byron Darby

BOUNCES

USC capitalized on the rushing of Marcus Allen and fast and loose ball handling by Oklahoma to pull out a last-minute victory **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

CONTINUED

My biggest problem is I get so excited for every game that I can't stand it," Marcus Allen, the University of Southern California's splendid tailback, was saying one night last week at his Inglewood apartment. "But I can't press, because then there's the danger that I'll try so hard to do well that I'll mess up."

If being too excited and trying incredibly hard are shortcomings, they might be the only ones Allen has. He runs, he catches, he passes, he blocks and he tells his mom he loves her. Already, Allen is being touted as the greatest of all those spectacularly talented USC tailbacks—a roster that includes Mike Garrett, O.J. Simpson, Anthony Davis, Ricky Bell and Charles White. The thought that M.A. might mess up just doesn't compute.

"I think that Marcus came here assuming he was going to be a great player," USC Coach John Robinson says, "but he just didn't know at what position." Nor did Robinson, if truth be known. Allen was recruited as a defensive back from Lincoln High in San Diego (Oklahoma was his second choice, Sooner Coach Switzer wanted him as his quarterback), but after a week of practice Robinson broached the idea of converting Allen to tailback. "Think about it," Robinson told Allen. "I have," Allen said. "I want to do it." But along the way he had to serve time at fullback, blocking for Heisman winner White in 1979. "I was afraid if I played that position too well, Coach Robinson would make me stay there," Allen says, laughing.

Allen's conversion to tailback was no laughing matter for Switzer last Saturday, as the Trojans, ranked No. 1 by the Associated Press, relied on their running back to keep them in the game and then scored a touchdown with two seconds showing on the L.A. Coliseum clock and 85,651 frenzied fans clutching their hearts to beat No. 2 Oklahoma 28–24. It was a thrilling game full of ebbs and rushes of fortune. Oklahoma continually fought back after its own miscues (10 fumbles, five of them recovered by USC), while the Trojans, who never led until those final two seconds, desperately scratched and clawed no matter how depressing the numbers on the scoreboard. It was a sight for sore, cynical eyes.

Everybody thought it would be. Especially Robinson, who before the opening kickoff sat on a bench at midfield, relaxing as best he could, and said, "Isn't this great? Our team is here and their team is here. Our hand is here and their hand is here. The blimp is here and I just thank God I'm here. Of course, I'll thank Him more if we win. And I'll tell you this, the team that plays the longest will win."

Oh yes, Robinson's words would prove to be accurate, but it also helped that Robinson had Allen on his side. After the game, Switzer, trying to recover from the emotional hurricane he had just been through, said softly, "Allen is probably the best back in the country. He's better than I thought from looking at films, and he's better when it's toughest. I'd vote for

Cantar Bill Bechtold (51) stands up a would-be Trojan tackler with a crunching block to help Stanley Wilson (32) rush for some of his 89 yards

Sooner wishboners pounded away for 307 yards on the ground but in this case Quarterback Darrell Shepard is stopped for no gain by Roverback Troy West

him for the Heisman." The always expansive Robinson said of Allen, "He's absolutely the best tailback I've ever seen. He was a great football player out there over and over and over and . . " The obvious exuberance with which Allen plays the game isn't lost on Southern Cal's offensive line coach, Hudson Houck, either. "Marcus doesn't consider life a dress rehearsal," he says.

The Trojans, symbolized by their white horse, Traveler III, who races around the Coliseum's running track when USC scores, always strikes fear in the opposition because, like that steed, they are big and flashy. Big as in an offensive line that averages 262 pounds, flashy as in Allen, who gained 208 yards rushing against the Sooners, the third straight game in which he has gone over 200. Only four other college runners—John Cappelletti of Penn State, Bill Marek of Wisconsin, Jerome Persell of Western Michigan and the Sooners' own Billy Sims—have accomplished that feat.

USC's size obviously was much on the minds of the Sooner coaching staff in the dressing room moments before the game. Switzer had never coached in the Coliseum, and thus lacked firsthand knowledge of Traveler and fellow travelers. But his chief assistant, Merv Johnson, had been in the Coliseum before as a member of the Notre Dame staff. Johnson looked over at Switzer and said helpfully, "Let me caution you that the horse is the one without the headgear."

As it turned out, Traveler fell down during a celebration of a fourth-quarter Trojan score, throwing Richard Saukko, his rider. But they both got up, just like the USC football team. Twice the Trojans had to hike back from 10-point deficits, the last time with only 13:08 left in the game. And while it did seem on paper that USC was bigger, faster, stronger, deeper and more experienced than the Sooners, anybody who understands Oklahoma football knows that doesn't matter a lick come showtime. There are few teams that love a big game more than the team from Norman. And this matchup clearly filled that bill, pitting the arrogance of Southern Cal, which lines up, sends its tailback at you all afternoon and dares you to do anything about it, against the firepower of the Sooners' wishbone, which seems to be a rapid-fire demonstration of the theory of combinations and permutations.

Predictably, Allen ran the ball the first four plays of the game, gaining 26 yards and proving USC's point. But the Trojans were stymied by an illegal-procedure penalty, and ended their first series with a punt into the Sooner end zone. Then the wishbone got cracking as Quarterback Kelly Phelps directed Oklahoma 80 yards in 10 plays, running the last seven yards himself for a touchdown—and thus proving Oklahoma's point.

But with 2:52 to play in the first quarter, Oklahoma Fullback Stanley Wilson fumbled at the USC 23. That was a double whammy because it prevented the Sooners from driving in for a second score—and a 14–0 lead—and gave the ball to the relieved Trojans, who weren't having much luck in pegging down all those permutations. The Trojans promptly tied the game at 7–7 when Allen ran over the left side of his line, was sprung by Guard Bruce Matthews' block, and sailed, glided and flew 27 yards for the

continued

TD. That the Trojans' score had been set up by a fumble was to be typical of the game. Oklahoma fumbles. A lot. Always has. If you revel in predictability, watch the halftime close-order drills—not the Sooners. "Our backs don't protect the ball. They spin out, hurdle, jump, twist—and sometimes drop the ball," says Johnson.

But when the 'bone is good, it can be unstoppable. The Sooners emphasized this on the first series of the second quarter when they blitzed USC with a 14-play, 74-yard TD drive, Wilson scoring from the one. Moments later Mike Keeling kicked a 27-yard field goal for a 17–7 Oklahoma lead.

Once again, however, an Oklahoma fumble—this one the fault not of the wishbone but rather of freshman Elbert Watts, who flubbed a fair catch at the Sooner 35—gave USC the ball, and the Trojans marched right down the field for a TD, closing the gap to 17–14 just 42 seconds before the half. Allen saved that drive on a fourth-and-two at the 32 when he bolted around left end for 11 yards. Three plays later, a two-yard pass from Quarterback John Mazur to Flanker John Kamana got the TD.

The Trojans were grateful to be close because they knew they hadn't played well. As USC Defensive Coordinator R.C. Slocum told his troops at halftime, "O.K., what we're going to do is come out and win the second half." To this end, he changed his secondary coverage, shifting the emphasis from containing Sooner Halfback Buster Rhymes (who had been held to 44 yards) to tackling the quarterbacks "who were killing us." Or as Slocum put it, "I really believe you've got to scratch where you itch."

While the USC defense scratched better in the third quarter, the offense just itched. The Trojans got to the Oklahoma 27, 24 and 37 on their first three third-quarter possessions, but failed to put any numbers on the board.

And when Oklahoma's backup quarterback, Darrell Shepard, ran seven yards for a touchdown to make the score 24–14 with only 13:08 to play, the Trojans seemed dead. But the 6′ 2″, 202-pound Allen soon pumped life into USC by charging for nine yards around right end. That, in turn, seemed to awaken Mazur. Faced with a third-and-nine, the left-handed quarterback hit Split End Jeff Simmons up the middle for 17 yards. Moments later, on fourth-and-six at the Sooner 33, Simmons ran the same pattern for a 17-yard gain. And with a third-and-17 on the 19, Mazur hit Simmons again, this time for 16. Allen crashed for three yards and the touchdown, and Oklahoma's lead was 24–21. This was all heady stuff for Mazur, who is a sophomore. "I'm still just feeling my way into the game," he says. "But every time I came to the sidelines, Coach Robinson was smiling at me, so I just smiled back."

Oklahoma was no longer smiling. With 6:32 to play, it was reduced to just hanging on, which was exactly what it didn't do, literally or figuratively. Another fumble, this one on a pitch from Shepard to Halfback Alvin Ross, botched one play ("Without the fumbles, we would have had more success," said Switzer, in a world-class understatement), and suddenly Oklahoma was fourth-and-one on its own 40. Switzer elected to punt, even though his Sooners, when they weren't fumbling, were ripping off huge chunks of yardage against the uncertain Trojan defense: for the game Oklahoma averaged 5.6 yards per rush and gained 307 yards. "If a team's good enough to take it 80 yards, it deserves to win the game," said Switzer, explaining his decision to punt. "That's percentage football, and I'll never second-guess that decision."

USC took over at its 22 with 4:30 on the clock. Naturally, it was Allen who set the tone, carrying the ball three of the first five plays for 42 yards. However, his third effort—for 18 yards—was called back because of a holding penalty on

Allen's 208 yards included this fourth quarter touchdown leap that closed Oklahoma's lead to 24–21

Tight End Fred Cornwell. "It wasn't blatant," Cornwell said, "but I knew if we lost, a lot of the blame would be mine."

On the sidelines, Robinson pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and quickly drew a pass route for Simmons, one that would take him outside rather than inside, where he had been heading all afternoon. "It was just like we used to do on the sandlots," said Simmons. "Draw a play, then go run it." It worked, for 26 yards to the Sooner 33, but Simmons took a vicious hit and was knocked cold. "I saw the ball coming," he said, "and the next thing I remember was smelling salts under my nose."

And then Mazur, facing more crises than *Days of Our Lives*, looked at a fourth-and-one on the Sooner 24 with only 59 seconds to play. He ran it himself for two yards. With 25 seconds to go and a third-and-10 on his hands, Mazur threw to Split End Malcolm Moore for 15 yards to the Sooner seven.

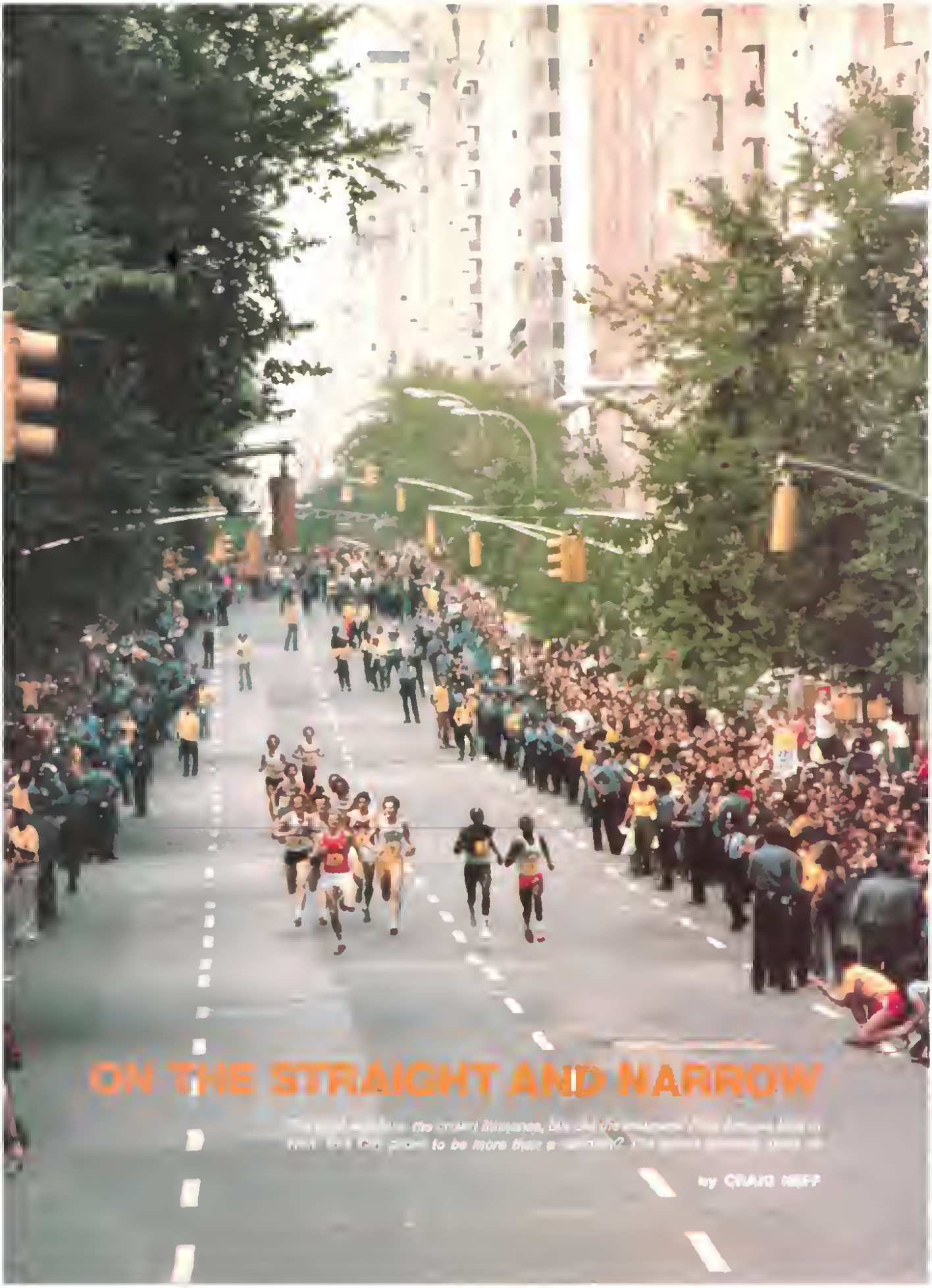
The game looked to be won, at last, for the Trojans when on the next play Mazur saw Allen crossing to his right and open in the end zone. But suddenly, coming from the other direction, leaping to tip the pass away, was Cornwell, the same guy who had just been called for holding. On the play, Cornwell normally would have delayed at the line of scrimmage, but Robinson had instructed him on the sideline to fire out immediately. Thus, he was in the way of Mazur's throw. Ignorance sometimes is bliss, and Cornwell had no idea that the pass was intended for Allen, not him, until so informed by reporters after the game.

"Really?" he exclaimed, and shouted over to Allen, "Well, sorry, Marcus." It was poetic justice that Cornwell—the man of double-blunder—would run the same route on the next play, make the catch for the winning TD and turn the Coliseum into bedlam. "That," said Cornwell, "was fun."

Which is how Allen has viewed it all along. "I have nothing to complain about," he says. "I'm on a team everybody wants to play on, playing a position everybody wants to play." That the Trojans are hot on the trail of another national championship just makes it all the more fun. **END**

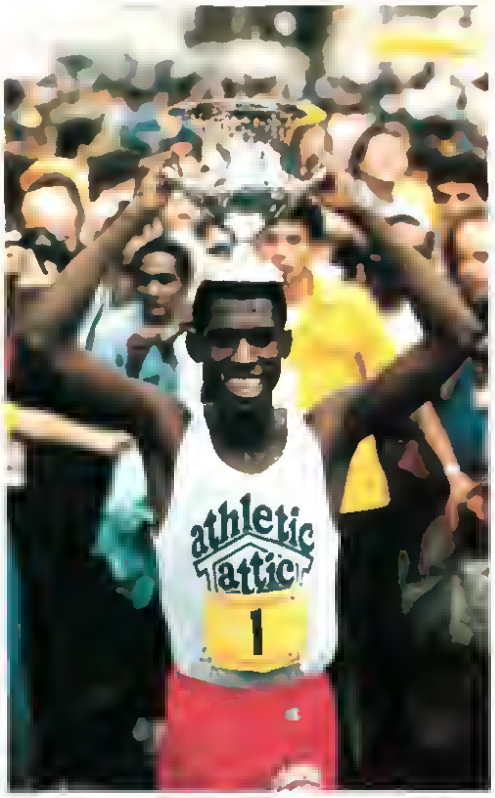
With 17 seconds left, Malcolm Moore hauls down John Mazur's pass on the Oklahoma seven

Midway through the fourth quarter, Traveler III dumped its rider, but like USC, he was on top later



ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW

by CRAIG HEFF



Maree was triumphant in the second fastest mile in history

The fastest field of milers ever assembled lined up across Fifth Avenue in front of New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art last Saturday afternoon to run downtown before an estimated 100,000 spectators, the largest crowd ever to see a mile foot race. Their route would be from 82nd Street to 62nd—a straight but undulating course consisting of a total of three uphill blocks, eight level and nine downhill—under a canopy of Central Park beech trees, past the elegant apartment houses of Millionaire's Row and along a canted surface that, according to an informal survey, was strewn with 124 potholes and 22 manhole covers. "There's no gaping holes they'll fall into," said a city maintenance man "I've run on *tracks* that were in worse shape," said Tom Byers of Eugene, Ore., one of 13 starters.

"An historic day," said Race Director Fred Lebow, Saturday morning "It's tremendous," said former mile world-record holder John Walker of New Zealand. "Could be the biggest thing on Fifth Avenue next to the St. Patrick's Day parade," said Eamonn Coghlan of Ireland, the indoor mile world-record holder.

What they were talking about was the inaugural Fifth Avenue Mile, a commercially packaged, controversial, intriguing event concocted by Lebow, the 49-year-old president of the New York Road Runners Club. For all the optimism, no one knew quite what to expect from a mile race without turns "In a straight-line race, you have no idea where you are," said Coghlan. "You've got to sprint from the word go." The predicted times ranged from Sydney Maree's "under 4:00" to Coghlan's "could break 3:50." Some even thought Sebastian Coe's 3:47.33 world record might be surpassed, although not officially broken in this, a road race

A women's mile, run 25 minutes beforehand, served as a preview of the potential for speed and a pitfall the men would also face. University of Oregon junior Leann Warren's winning time of 4:25.31 was a personal best by nearly five seconds. The first-place finishers in two other preliminary races had also gotten PRs, but in all three events several runners, seeing the finish line from the crest of Lenox Hill, almost half a mile away, prematurely began their kicks and died

At last, the field—conspicuous by their absence were Coe, who was at an International Olympic Committee meeting in Baden-Baden, and former mile world-record holder Steve Ovett, who had pulled out six days earlier pleading a virus—was sent off into a gentle breeze. The runners clustered immediately on the crown of the avenue, led by Coghlan, Ross Donaghue and Maree, and it was apparent that no one was holding anything back or playing mind games. "This was more honest than any track race I've ever run," Walker would say. "It was a sprint. Nobody cared about anyone else."

Maree and Donaghue carried the tight pack past the quarter-mile mark in 53.2, more than two seconds under Coe's record pace. "That time, it blew up my mind," said Mike Boit of Kenya. Originally, there were to have been pacing clocks every five blocks, but even had they been set up, they would have been ignored. "We couldn't have turned to look at them," Ireland's Ray Flynn said. "It was too intense a race. I've never seen anything like it."

Byers made a move at 74th Street, just before the halfway point, as the runners hit the lone uphill stretch. "My strategy was to break some people, but I ended up breaking myself," he said, not the last to so err. In the lead, Donaghue, Maree and Britain's Steve Cram were virtually abreast—and barely ahead of the 10 other milers. They reached the half in 1:52.8, now less than half a second ahead of record pace. A few blocks later, they all caught sight of the finish line

Faces suddenly snapped taut with strain as the runners instinctively accelerated. Walker and Boit bolted up front with Cram. The brief incline had slowed the runners so that the leader was now behind Coe's pace, but on the downhill stretch between 70th and 66th streets they were making up for lost time. Then, all at once, as they entered the final 440 yards, those who had sprinted especially hard hit the equivalent of a marathoner's "wall."

"I've never gone into such oxygen debt," said Walker. Boit said, "It was so difficult. I could see the finish I was sprinting as fast as I could But I was not gaining ground." Quite simply, they all had kicked too soon. And in doing so they left the door open for Maree.

Pushed by the roar of the crowd, which was eight deep on both sides for the last 100 yards, the 25-year-old South African took the lead with 300 yards to go and steadily pulled away. He finished in 3:47.52, unofficially the second-best clocking ever, followed by Boit (3:49.59), who called it the toughest race of his life, and Dr Thomas Wessinghage of West Germany (3:50.48).

While the runners all but raved about how exciting they had found the race, Lebow talked of holding similar events on San Francisco's Market Street, Chicago's Miracle Mile, London's Mall and the Champs-Elysées in Paris. "Maybe, if we finally do decide to become a family in South Africa . Johannesburg," offered Maree.

"This was like a swimming race," said Walker, who finished sixth. "They don't have pacemakers, they don't play games and they don't care." Said Wessinghage, "On the track, sometimes the smartest runner may win. Here on the road, the best will win." **END**

RETELLING

It was a joyous Wednesday evening in Montreal, and everyone pitched in, the old, the new, the tried and the true. Talk about redemption. There was .238-hitting Catcher Gary Carter who, with the Expos trailing the Pirates 2–1, opened the eighth with a double. There was 22-year-old Tim Raines, who gamely ran for Carter despite a plastic cast on his broken right hand. There was much-booed Third Baseman Larry Parrish, who generously hit to the right side and scored Raines with a single. There was 38-year-old Grant Jackson, dumped by the Pirates a few weeks earlier, who pitched two innings of shutout relief. And most of all, there was Jerry White, who once prided himself on being the best "fourth" outfielder in baseball but now was reduced to pinch-hitting.

All White did was smash a home run to win the game in the ninth, give the Expos the National League East lead by a half game over the Cardinals and set off a massive celebration. Teammates hoisted White overhead, kissed him on the cheek, laid down a carpet of towels to his locker and forgot about their postgame meal for a record 15 minutes.

In St. Louis, meanwhile, no one was pitching, much less pitching in. As the Cards lost 9–4 to the Phillies, starter John Martin was rocked for four runs in the third inning, rookie Lefthelder Gene Roof allowed another run to score by double-pumping before throwing home, and Manager Whitey Herzog's vaunted offense didn't begin to click until the game was out of reach. Afterward, the Cardinals were quiet but somehow poised. Also, they were out of the second-season division lead for the first time since Aug. 19.

Carter and the Expo fans were reaching for the top as Montreal went after its first playoff berth

THE TALE OF TWO CITIES

It was the best of times for Montreal, which won six of seven games last week, and the worst of times for St. Louis, which lost four of seven **by JIM KAPLAN**

It was the best of races, it was the worst of races, it was the happiest of races, it was the saddest of races, it was the richest of races, it was the poorest of races. The NL East race became a tale of two cities last week, and whether or not you enjoyed the story depended upon what city you favored. In Montreal last week the Expos won six of seven games and climbed from 1½ out on Monday to 1½ up on Sunday because St. Louis lost four of seven. The boisterous Expos celebrated like French peasants inside the Bastille. The phlegmatic Cardinals accepted their fate as stoically as landlords at the guillotine.

If St. Louis is to win a reprieve, it will have to be in the last week of the season, when the Cardinals play the Expos twice at home. Away from Montreal, the Expos haven't fared very well (18–27). The last time the two teams met, St. Louis took three of five in Montreal to open up a 3½-game lead. With only 17 games to go, that advantage seemed secure. But since then Montreal has made effective use of the best pitching staff in the division—a 3.29 ERA—and St. Louis finally may have run out of borrowed time.

Herzog did a masterful job of keeping his tattered and torn pitching staff together for this long, but he admits he knew he was in trouble in early September. "With so many arms hurting, we went right down the chute," he says. "All I'm doing now is shooting craps."

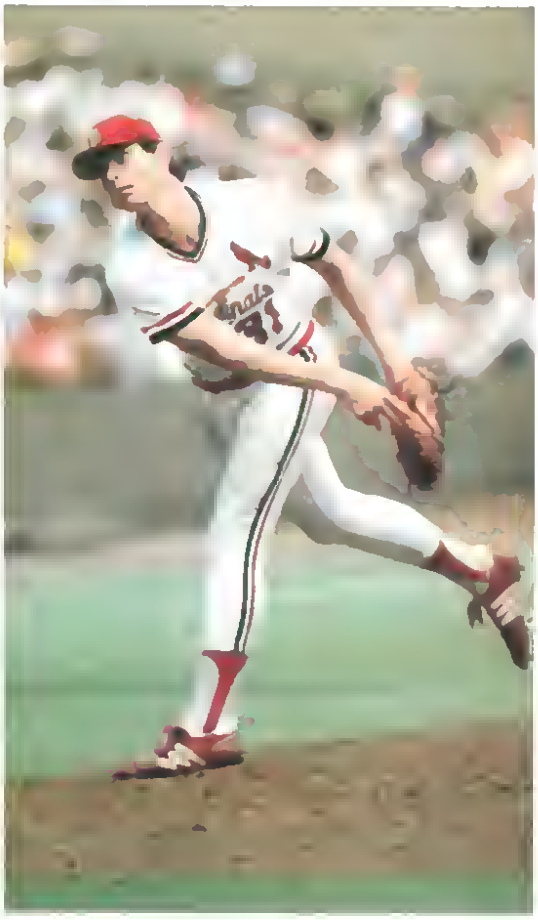
Sometimes that has worked. Last Saturday, for instance, when Bob Forsch pitched with three days' rest for the first time this year and beat Pittsburgh 5–3. But usually not. The night before Herzog had started 42-year-old Jim Kaat for the first time this year—"he's my healthiest pitcher"—but Kaat allowed five runs in 3⅓ innings. Even so, St. Louis trailed by only 5–4 when Herzog took another chance by bringing in relief ace Bruce Sutter for the first time this season with the Cards trailing. "When you see that Montreal has won, it's too close to the end to worry about whether or not to use him," Herzog said.

Recently, everyone has seen Montreal win. After losing those three of five to St. Louis two weeks ago, the Expos held a grim clubhouse meeting before a three-game series with Chicago. Amid an unexpected managerial change—Jim Fanning for Dick Williams on Sept. 8—and an untimely injury—Raines's broken hand on Sept. 13—the Expos appeared to be squandering their considerable talent. Without naming names, Fanning told the Expos what was expected of them and implied that some of them weren't playing to their capabilities. "Everybody had to look at themselves," says Pitcher Steve Rogers. "That's thought-provoking, and that can be action-provoking." The action Montreal took was to win two of three from the Cubs.

The Expos began last week with their most extraordinary game of the year—a 1–0, 17-inning win over the Phillies. The game ended on a bang-bang play, Rodney Scott racing home ahead of Third Baseman Mike Schmidt's throw on a bases-loaded grounder, but there were many heart-stopping moments before that. Gary Carter threw out three base stealers in a row. Leftfielder Terry Francona made a perfect throw home to save a run in the 14th inning, and reliever Jeff Reardon pitched three shutout innings. After two more wins over the Phillies—6–2 on Tuesday and 3–2 on Wednesday—the Expos were in first by half a game. But it was a big half game. Montreal had won four in a row and nine of 13, and had allowed just 29 hits over the last 62 innings.

continued

During their long slump, Herr and the rest of the Cardinals seemed to leave their bats behind them



Forsch beat the Pirates with three days' rest

First Baseman Warren Cromartie, the leadoff man in Raines's absence, was hitting .455, with an on-base percentage of .655 over his last six games. For their part, half of the Cardinals' pitching staff was hurting, and precious few hitters were delivering. "We need Garry Templeton, Keith Hernandez and George Hendrick to be hot," said Herzog. Only Templeton was even lukewarm.

So let's pick up the race—or what little seemed to be left of it.

THURSDAY. Bill (Spaceman) Lee, Montreal's resident leftbander, warms up by discoursing at length on Kurt Vonnegut, philosopher Ervin Laszlo and the Russian mathematician and mystic Ouspensky. "I never look beyond the next batter," he says. "It's called centering yourself."

Lee can talk about anything he wants. Though he starts the game with a 3–5 record, he has a 2.57 ERA, a club-leading six saves and just 12 walks in 76⅔ innings. He's also batting .389. In one of his finest clutch performances, Lee fools the Pirates with 88 sinkers, sliders and curves.

But if there's one thing Lee likes as much as pitching, it's hitting. He leads off the fifth by depositing a 3–1 Odell Jones fastball over the 114-meter sign in right. He does it with a smooth, slow swing, and the ball leaves his bat in a gentle arc, like a satellite in the night sky. Spaceman, indeed. The 23,459 fans at Olympic Stadium give him a standing ovation, and an even louder one when he interrupts the game in the seventh inning to chase a butterfly out of the batter's box. "That was Thomas Yawkey [his late owner in Boston] coming back to tell me he appreciates my effort," Lee says. He leaves the game in the eighth with a 6–1 lead, and the Expos go on to win 7–1.

The next morning the French-language tabloid *le journal de montreal* carries a picture of Lee on the front page. Inside, there's the headline LEE LANCE, FRAPPE ET FAIT RIRE (Lee pitches, bats and makes people laugh). "The French Canadians love him," says one longtime Expo-watcher. "They're free spirits and so is he. They don't speak English and neither does he."

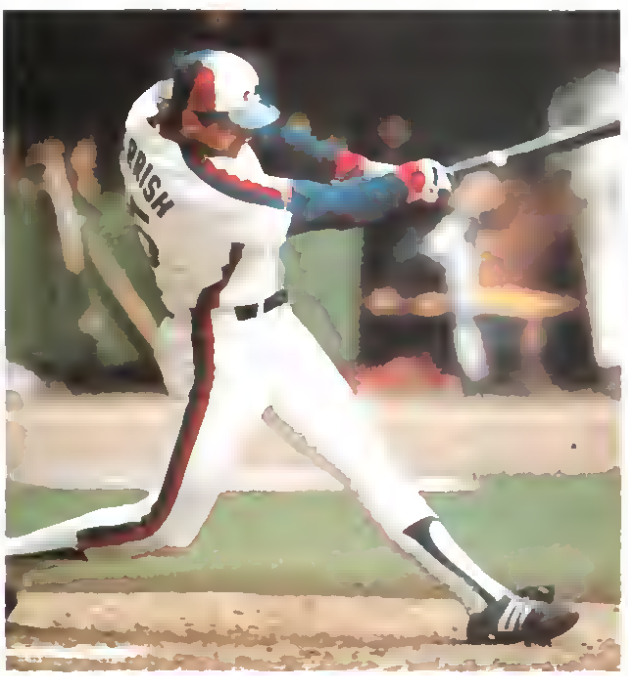
It has been a night for laughter and cheers. Cromartie goes 4 for 5, with two singles, a double and a homer. Carter drives in three runs, and Reardon, the ex-Met who has given the Expos a much-needed bullpen ace, finishes up. But the event that brings down the house is the announcement on the scoreboard of the third-inning score from St. Louis. Paul Shubin, the Expos' producer-director of electronic wizardry, flashes a "1" next to ST. LOUIS and—after a long pause—an "11" next to PHILADELPHIA.

You really don't want to know what happened to the Cardinals. In the top of the third inning the Phillies set [illegible] straight hits (two short of the [illegible] league record) and 11 runs (most in the majors this season) and go on to win 14–6. "If hitting's contagious," says Cardinal Second Baseman Tommy Herr, "I guess that was a plague."

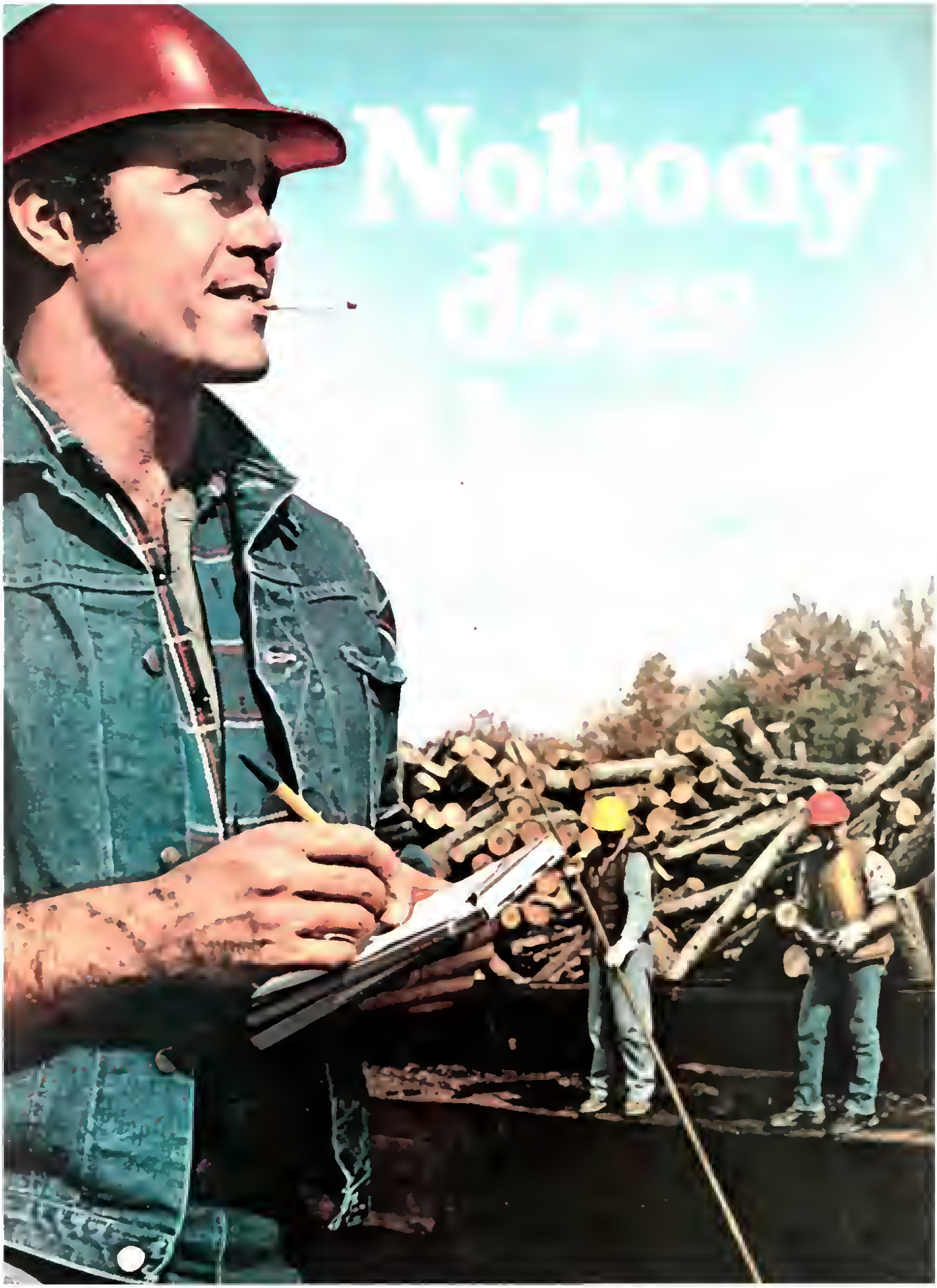
FRIDAY. The Expos bask in both celebration and cerebration. For much of the season they've been pushing Andre Dawson for Most Valuable Player, citing his hitting (.305), power (23 homers), speed (26 stolen bases), Gold Glove work in center and oh-so-many intangible contributions. But of late Dawson has been off, and their argument looks weak. In the fourth inning against the Mets, however, Dawson hits a line drive over the second baseman and, without breaking stride, easily beats the throw to second. Parrish doubles him home, and the Expos are off to a 6–3 win. Afterward, awesome Dawson permits himself a rare boast. "Other guys are having good years—Schmidt, Foster—but I'm the people's choice."

But the people's choice at Olympic Stadium tonight is Parrish. When he hit 30 homers in 1979, expectations were high for him. Then, on May 3, 1980, Ed Whitson of the Giants hit Parrish on his left wrist, and he lost much of his power—only 11 homers since then. No one cheers louder than Expo fans, but if the spirit moves them, they would *continued*

Speier's bunt was just one of the little things that paid off for the Expos



Parrish reclaimed the favor of the Montreal fans with some [illegible] hitting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Hiram Walker's unique, light-tasting whisky earned its reputation as the finest whisky in exclusive clubs from the time it first appeared. That's how it became "Club Whisky."

In 1891, a new U.S. law required the country of origin to appear prominently on a product's label. Hiram Walker proudly added "*Canadian*" to Club Whisky and people just as proudly began ordering "*Canadian* Club."

Today people enjoy Canadian Club so many ways: on the rocks, smoothing out sours or Manhattans and with favorite mixers. Because it's lighter than Scotch, smoother than bourbon. And it's still "The Best In The House"[1] in 87 lands.

"Canadian Club"

boo Mother Teresa. The riding they have given the slumping Parrish in the wake of his injury is perhaps the worst in the 13-year history of the Montreal franchise. But on this night they reverse themselves when Parrish goes 3 for 4 and drives in four runs. As he stands on first after delivering a two-run single in the seventh, they give him a thunderous, prolonged ovation. Parrish finally tips his hat. The ovation continues, and he tips his hat again. It's as if 41,351 people are exorcising their guilt.

The Cardinals are having another bad night: a 5–4 loss to the visiting Pirates. With Kaat knocked out, Ponce de León gives way to Luis DeLeon, who helps shut out the Pirates the rest of the way, but St. Louis blows its chance for a comeback with some bad base running. After Card Catcher Darrell Porter opens the ninth by striking out, Sixto Lezcano walks and Herzog inserts rookie Dave Green to run for him. With two strikes on Tito Landrum, Herzog sends Green. Landrum swings and misses—and Green is tagged out after his foot comes off the bag. "We stink," says a melancholy Dane Iorg.

The Expos haven't been scoreboard-watching very carefully, but afterward Cromartie hears the Cardinal result on his radio. "The game's over, the game's over," yells the most expressive Expo, "2½, 2½, 2½!"

SATURDAY. "Every game's crucial now," Montreal Shortstop Chris Speier is saying before the game. "In situations like this you don't wait for the big inning. You want to get on the scoreboard first, so you sacrifice, bunt, execute fundamentals."

With the score 1–1 in the second, Francona sees the infield is deep and lays down a perfect bunt. Speier sacrifices him to second and Cromartie singles him home. No wonder somebody has named a candy bar after him. It's a Cro Bar.

Fundamentals and execution—is there anything else to September baseball? In the fifth, Carter alertly calls for a pitchout and nails would-be base-stealer Lee Mazzilli. The Expos extend the lead to 4–1 on sixth-inning singles by Tim Wallach, Francona, Speier and Scott, and execute a key fundamental of the game in the eighth. Woodie Fryman, 41, replaced starter Ray Burris with the bases loaded and one out in the seventh and escaped with one run. Now Fryman has men on first and second and one out. Alex Treviño bunts to the mound. Fryman has an easy play at first, but to Fanning's delight, he throws to second, keeping the tying run out of scoring position and setting up a force. Sure enough, he gets one.

Fanning calls Fryman "cunning and smart," and the rubber-armed lefthander ends the game with a cunning and smart pitch—a slider over the outside corner that catches righthanded Mookie Wilson with the bat on his shoulder. "That's the pitch that kept me in baseball," Fryman says in the clubhouse.

The grandfather figure looks across the room at a player young enough to be his offspring, the 22-year-old Francona. The son of former major-leaguer Tito, Terry joined Montreal on Aug. 19 after two partial seasons in the minor leagues; next year he may take permanent possession of leftfield, moving Raines to second. Someone asks Francona where he gets his savvy. "I've played a lot of baseball," he says. "I played at Arizona and I played for about four U.S. national teams. In fact, I've been around a park as long as I could swing a bat. My father couldn't keep me away. I made him throw to me and shag. I don't think I knew he had a job. The poor guy. When I look back, I kind of feel sorry for him."

Fortunately, the Cardinals have stopped feeling sorry for themselves, beating the Pirates 5–3 behind Forsch as Templeton, Hernandez and Hendrick get key hits in the decisive three-run, seventh-inning rally.

SUNDAY. All good things must come to an end, and for the Expos, it's their seven-game winning streak. While Montreal is losing to the Mets 2–1 before 52,089, the largest crowd of the year, St. Louis is beating the Pirates 7–5. The Cardinals' big hit comes from Herr, who ends a 1-for-21 slump with a bases-loaded triple. Then, for good measure, the second baseman steals home. Sutter finishes up to get his 25th save, but the Cardinals are still a game and a half behind, with time running out.

"I'm proud of these guys," says St. Louis reserve Catcher Gene Tenace. "But maybe it's not in the cards," he adds, intending no pun. "Maybe there's something to the theory that you have to go through the battle once before you can win."

With pitchers ailing and batters flailing Herzog wondered what to do next

The Expos have waded through it twice. In 1979 and 1980 they stayed in the race until the last weekend. Both times they suffered damaging injuries: Carter broke a finger with six games to go in 1979, and Leftfielder Ron LeFlore broke a thumb early last September. When Raines got hurt in this year's race, Montreal tried to remain calm. In the aftermath, Francona replaced Raines in left and Cromartie at leadoff, and the Expos forged ahead.

The Cardinals haven't been in a race since 1974. Herzog expertly built a contender to suit the artificial turf and endless power alleys of Busch Memorial Stadium, but he hasn't found the cure for injuries and inexperience. "I think we've dropped our heads a little," says Forsch.

Guillotines have a way of doing that to people. **END**

Oakland's Lester Hayes excels at the bump-and-run and now he has beaten a speech problem by taking it head on

by ***PAUL ZIMMERMAN***

VIOLENT AND ELOQUENT

The phone rings in the locker room at the Oakland Raiders' practice facility. Long distance for Lester Hayes.

"Another stickum for you," says the equipment man as he hands the phone to the Raiders' left cornerback.

"Yes," says Hayes, listening and then nodding to the equipment guy to verify the nature of the call. "Uh huh. No, it won't interfere with my intercepting the ball. I've explained this before. The value of the stickum was to prolong the hump in bump-and-run coverage. No, I don't think it'll curtail my effectiveness."

A few more yesses and nos and uh-huhs and the call is over. Hayes puts the phone down and sighs. "Ever since they outlawed stickum in March, that's all I've been asked about. Every 20 minutes. Is this the end of Lester Hayes? I wish

they'd talk about the 19 interceptions I had last season."

Hayes speaks slowly and deliberately. Every now and then there's a pause of two or three seconds. What you hear is a triumph, because a year ago Hayes's speaking three or four continuous sentences would have been a feat roughly comparable to his covering John Jefferson after spotting him 10 yards on a deep corner pattern. Hayes's problem was that his brain was racing along at 100 mph while his speech was still in the right-hand lane, and the result was a monumental traffic jam at the verbal level. He had a stammer. He says he picked it up as a youngster in Houston, when he started imitating another kid who was a congenital stutterer and one day found that the monkey had been shifted to his own back. Pressure made it worse, and finally last spring he checked into the Communications Research Center at Hollins College in Roanoke, Va. and defeated the thing.

The therapists there slowed Hayes down. They got him to drop his voice level from E pitch to C and gave him a little computerized gadget to monitor his speech pattern. They also performed an invaluable service for the chroniclers of pro football, because when the door was finally unlocked, what stepped out was a man who had a lot to say, and, better yet, a wry, cryptic and at times hilarious way of saying it. For instance:

• On the lack of adjustment in Houston's sluggish, two tight-end offense that was dismantled by the Raider defense in last year's playoffs. "They had no tomfoolery in their scheme of things, no change of venue."

• On Jefferson, formerly of San Diego, now of Green Bay. "He will be the possession receiver for the Packers, the guy to catch the tough one over the middle, although for the life of me I can't picture him performing in the frozen tundra of Wisconsin. John Jefferson has been blessed with a great deal of intestinal fortitude. Being an ex-linebacker, I can instill fear in some receivers, but with Jefferson, I can bump him, I can pound him, I can have my Riddell helmet tattooed all over his anatomy, and he will keep coming back with the same zeal."

• On a cornerback's need to constantly change tactics: "If a defensive back allows himself to become homed in on, he will be unemployed in the near future."

• On his senior season at Houston's Wheatley High, when he was a pass-rushing terror as a defensive end. "Have you ever heard of an individual procuring 35 sacks in a single nine-game season? I ran a 4.4 forty and I weighed 197 pounds. I sacked everybody."

Hayes points to the chin strap on his helmet. It's the same one he wore as a senior at Wheatley, and a replica of the one worn by his idol, Zeke Moore, the Oilers' old cornerback. Yes, there's a story that goes with it. "Some friends of mine in Houston visited this sporting-goods store one night and managed to procure some intangibles. They ended up holding a big garage sale. I bought the chin strap for a dollar."

Al Davis, in trying to capsule Hayes, has called him "a street kid, the kind of guy I like to have around me," but that's only part of the story. Hayes grew up in Houston's Fifth Ward, which lists George Foreman as its most famous graduate.

"George was a bully per se," Hayes says. "Guys from his neighborhood

continued

thrived on living off other kids' hush money." Aside from extortion, the thriving sport in the Fifth Ward was something called Neighborhood Ball, an activity akin to football, but much more ambitious in scope.

"We'd play it in this huge pasture off the East Tex Freeway called The Grass," Hayes says. "A normal-size field wouldn't do, because there would be 35 men on a side, one neighborhood against another. We'd play every Saturday night, and my friend, Michael McQuarm, and myself were the youngest guys on the team. We were in junior high. There were individuals in that game 35 years old.

"You'd line up and there would be 18 offensive linemen, 10 receivers. Cleats and track spikes were the only things resembling equipment, plus an official NFL football donated by Zeke Moore. The pileups generated by that game were incredible, and it wasn't unusual to see a bit of weaponry come falling out of those tangled masses of humanity, a few knives, occasionally a more serious weapon. There was always Gatorade on the sidelines—Gatorade in the form of Thunderbird wine.

"I always stationed myself on the flank, as far away as possible from those individuals who had just procured a drink and fancied themselves Bob Brown or Art Shell, et cetera. How some of those people functioned in 100° weather and all that humidity, I'll never know."

Lester and wife Kearran, a Raiderette, team up for Oakland.

Now, 12 years later, the 26-year-old Hayes has grown into the most feared cornerback in the NFL, a bump-and-run specialist whose style has people talking about the good old days in Oakland, when the Raiders would simply assign their All-Pro cornerbacks, Willie Brown and Kent McCloughan, man-to-man coverage and pencil in the remainder of the defense. But Brown and McCloughan had functioned under the old rules, they were allowed to bump a receiver all over the field and knock him out of his pattern. The generous passing regulations of today make it practically impossible for a cornerback to dominate a receiver, but here comes Hayes, lining up dead on his man in that unique stance of his, crouched, fingertips practically brushing the ground in front of him, hands jerking in a peculiar nervous twitch as he waits to plant his Riddell helmet on the numbers—"the Riddell technique," he calls it. Or maybe the quick, tight turn and the race downfield, the stride-for-stride sprint as the ball spirals toward the receiver, the perfectly timed leap, the interception.

Hayes picked off 13 passes in the 1980 regular season, one fewer than Night Train Lane's alltime record. Four more interceptions were wiped out by penalties. Opponents stopped testing him, but every now and then they'd give it a shot. Gee, here he was in single coverage, while people were being doubled on the other side. The book says you go at the single coverage . . . and maybe, maybe just this once.

"Lester plays 85% of the time in man coverage without help," says the Raiders' linebacker coach, Charlie Sumner. "We'll play some man on the other side, but not as much. We can use combinations or roll a zone that way, too, while we're keeping Lester alone."

By year's end, Hayes was playing, as he says, "in a kind of euphoria." People were describing him in mystic terms. They'd go interplanetary. The Force—Lester had The Force with him.

"It's baffling," he says, "but I hit a streak where I felt that I had such a positive, driving force at work that I simply couldn't be beaten on a pass. I think I had four or five shutouts in there."

In the first playoff game Houston's Kenny Stabler tested Hayes six times and completed three passes, but Hayes intercepted two and ran one back 20 yards for a touchdown. Hayes also sacked Stabler twice on blitzes. Cleveland's Brian Sipe tried him five times, completing one—an 18-yarder to Reggie Rucker. Hayes picked off another two. The San Diego Chargers were a different story. Jefferson had beaten Hayes for two touchdowns in their first meeting of the season, there would be no fear here. But in the AFC title game in San Diego, Dan Fouts threw 17 times against Dwayne O'Steen's coverage on the other side, and only five against Hayes's. All five went to Jefferson. One was completed. On another, Hayes got his fifth postseason interception. The other three fell incomplete. Hayes's interception streak ended in the Super Bowl. Eight Philadelphia passes went his way, and three were completed.

A week later in the Pro Bowl in Hawaii, Hayes turned in one of the most remarkable cornerback performances in history. Ron Jaworski and Steve Bartkowski tried him 11 times. Only one pass was completed, a 15-yarder to Alfred Jenkins on third-and-22. Hayes also had one interception. His postseason report card: nine of 35 passes completed, no touchdowns, six interceptions. Pro Bowl included, for the season he had 19 interceptions; some cornerbacks don't pick off that many in a career.

continued

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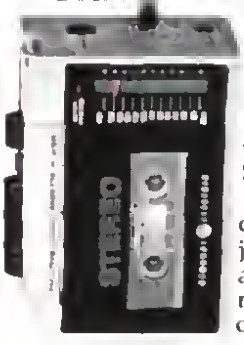

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America's Storyteller

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The Raiders are flying to Detroit to play the Lions (they lost last Sunday 16–11 to make their record 2–2), and Hayes is sprawled in a window seat, watching the Rocky Mountains turn into the Great Plains. His shirt is tight across his chest, his pants strain against his formidable thighs. Davis says the first thing he noticed about Hayes in college was his "raw power, his explosion," and yes, Hayes does give off a feeling of intense energy. There are two kinds of cornerbacks playing in the NFL, the smooth and graceful instinctive pass coverers, like the Washington Redskins' Lemar Parrish, and the physical types, who can be little, like the Rams' Pat Thomas, or big, like Hayes and the Steelers' Mel Blount. In Hayes's first two years at Texas A&M he was a 220-pound linebacker, but the Raiders melted him down to 205. The bump became his trademark. Not a push, not a timid brush by a defender who would prefer a safer style, but a meaningful bump—the Riddell technique. It's flirting with disaster. Miss your bump and you're chasing feet. It takes an unnatural amount of confidence to be a true bump-and-run cornerback. Plus pride. Tremendous pride is another of Hayes's trademarks, but now, in the fourth week of the 1981 season, that pride is being questioned by something Willie Brown has said.

Brown, one of the great cornerbacks in NFL history, works with the Oakland defensive backs, and he has been asked about Hayes's slow start. Lester had no interceptions in the first three games. In Minnesota the Vikings' Sammy White beat him on a non-scoring 44-yarder. What's the problem?

"He's forgotten about how hard he worked last year," Brown said, choosing his words carefully. "He's forgetting about what it takes to be a good cornerback. The concentration he had last year—well, it wasn't there in that game in Minnesota. He's doing things now that he wasn't doing last year. He's turning the wrong way, not concentrating on the receiver. He's being lackadaisical. He's not giving the respect to the receiver that he should. He doesn't think the ball's going to be thrown on him; he thinks it'll go somewhere else, and the next thing he knows it's thrown to his man and he has to bust a gut to get over in time."

The words might be a bit of a psychological spur. The old psych game is very big in Pride and Poise country, but whatever the words are, they have had the desired effect on Hayes. He is bristling.

"Willie Brown said that?" he says. "He said I'm showing a lack of concentration? Look, I know what the problem is and I'm trying to correct it. It's a matter of technique, a wrong step. It's a matter of my stance, being cocked at an inside angle a smidgen too much. You know, you make All-Pro and it's almost like you're a marked man. Teams are homing in on every wrong step I make. I've never seen that before.

"But look at the three-game ratio compared to last year. Last year after three games I'd gotten three interceptions and been beaten for three touchdowns, two by Jefferson, one by Ricky Thompson of Washington. This year I have zero interceptions, but they've scored zero TDs on me. It's very easy to talk concentration from a coach's standpoint. It's an old cliche. If an All-Pro gets beaten, it's always lack of concentration or lack of fundamentals. Some people think I never should be beaten. Look, I live off H_2O and breathe the same air other poor mortals breathe. Every now and then it's going to happen that I get beaten on a pass. But as far as lack of concentration—that's a true falsehood." (Two days later against Detroit, Hayes will intercept his first pass and almost a second.)

Hayes stares out the plane window for a minute. Things still aren't settled.

"Do you know that I have my own film archives?" he says. "I've got films of myself through the years, and I've got films of receivers I've had to cover since I was a rookie in '77. They go way back. Every receiver has certain trademarks, little idiosyncrasies that don't change through the years. If something's gone good for him, he's not going to deviate from it. I've also got a mental chart of every pass pattern I've been beaten on since I started playing in the NFL. Go ahead, ask me about a game."

Broncos in Denver in 1978?

"A five-yard fade to Haven Moses."

Eagles in Philly last year?

"No completions playing in man-to-man coverage."

Jets in Shea in 1977?

"That was my rookie year. I didn't start."

He stares out the window again. "Look," he says, "you think it was easy breaking in here the way I did? I'd been a linebacker in college two years, a safety-man for two. I felt I was the best strong safety in the college draft, but in my first

continued

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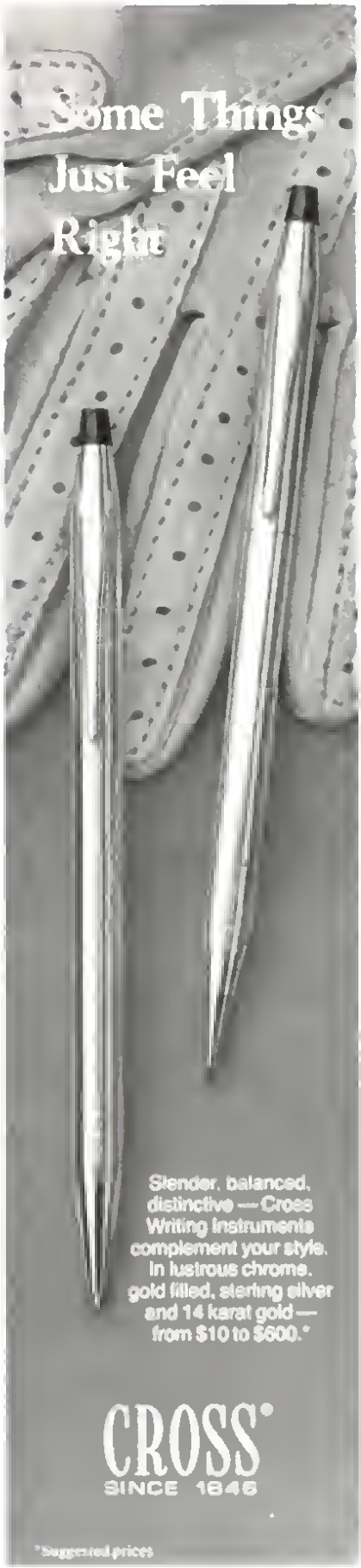

practice session as an Oakland Raider I'm immediately put out in no-man's-land at the corner in man-to-man coverage and told that's where I'd be for the rest of my NFL career. I had very, very strong feelings of insecurity."

Hayes had begun his life in organized football as a guard. It was logical. Louis Hayes, his father, had been an all-state guard on Wheatley's only state championship team, in 1954, and his dad's teammate, George Balthazar, had become—and still is—the line coach at Wheatley. Balthazar remembers Lester as "small and quick with a perfect stance. On defense he played what we called the Anchor End. That was the pass-rushing end. He replaced Godwin Turk, who was later drafted by the Jets. The other end, the Blood End, had to drift out in coverages. With Lester's speed he turned into one of the greatest pass rushers in the city."

"Coach Balthazar had one unusual trait," Hayes says. "When you made a mistake he'd get out this big two-by-four and make you block it. He'd just hold it up in front of him and you'd go at it. It toughened you, all right. It also gave you a set of sore shoulders."

By the time he was a senior, Hayes was playing everywhere on offense—flanker, fullback, anywhere he could use his blazing speed. When the football season was over he played basketball, sixth man on a state championship team. He'd jump center. The kids nicknamed him Skywalker. The Friday after the 1972-73 basketball season was over, he ran in a track meet in the Astrodome and did a 9.7 hundred.

At the state meet that spring he ran a non-winning 9.5 and took the 220 championship with a 21 flat. "He was always a better 220 man," Balthazar says. "The longer he ran, the stronger he got." Hayes says he had 100-plus track scholarship offers but only half a dozen for football. He settled on Texas A&M, made a name for himself as a blitzing weakside linebacker for two years and then played strong safety in 1975 and 1976.

Phil Bennett, a defensive end on those teams and a defensive assistant at A&M now, says, "Lester was a phenomenal blitzer, but the most amazing thing to watch was the way he'd fly down the field on kickoffs. He'd be down there before the linemen would be set up in their wedge. No one could block him. One play he made on defense still stands out. In a Baylor game he shot in from his safety position, intercepted a pitchout and ran 77 yards for a score."

Before the use of stickum was outlawed, Hayes was literally glue fingered

Sixteen players were drafted out of A&M in those two years. Hayes, who made one All-America team, didn't get picked until the fifth round, after 14 defensive backs had been taken. NFL scouts had checked Hayes and talked to him. He wasn't very talkative. There was the speech problem. "Dumb," they wrote down in their notebooks.

"The spring and summer before my rookie year I worked out with Pat Thomas—he'd been a year ahead of me at A&M—and that saved me as a cornerback," Hayes said. "It prepared me for the NFL. The techniques I used in college were geared to the Southwest Conference and little else. At A&M they taught us to use the shuffle technique to get back into our coverage, but Pat had used the backpedal instead, and that's what I copied."

When Hayes got to the Raiders in 1977, there was a crash course waiting for him. It was called Fred Biletnikoff. "He could only run about a 4.9 but he was by

far the most difficult receiver I've ever had to cover in the NFL," Hayes says. "I knew if I could cover him in practice, I could cover anyone. Most receivers know maybe the two inevitable break points in a pass pattern. Fred knew about 10; he could give you any of five within the first 10 yards. Each of Fred's patterns was five seconds plus, and our offensive line blocked so auspiciously that they'd give Stabler that amount of time. It was the only way a receiver of Fred's magnitude could be effective.

"Our scheme of things in those years was to run the patterns at 17 yards plus, longer patterns than any other team. There were no conservative traits whatsoever in that offense. Although I'd never played cornerback in my life, covering Biletnikoff every day did wonders for my confidence."

Willie Brown taught Hayes the meaning of an effective bump in the first five yards, and from Pat Thomas he learned the Riddell technique. "He would literally imbed that helmet in a receiver's chest," Hayes says. "The helmet is effective for another reason. Receivers are taught to break the force of a defensive back's hand thrust by coming up with their fists or down with them. But there's no way possible for a receiver to break the thrust of a head butt.

"Sometimes I'll use my hands, too, just to vary it a little, but the whole idea is to get an upward thrust, from my legs and hips. That's where my power comes from, my strength. It's an uncoiling motion. That's why I start off low, in a crouch.

"There were a lot of other things I had to learn, like squaring up on a receiver and trying to keep him on the line as long as possible, but the key to everything is the bump. There are so many cornerbacks in the NFL who don't take full advantage of the five-yard hump zone. They just won't do it. No receiver likes to get humped. It distorts the timing of the receiver and the quarterback. It's very important to him that he gets a free release from the line of scrimmage."

Hayes stares out the plane window once more, shaking his head at the knowledge of how difficult it is to play his position well. The stickum is gone now from his bag of tricks. The receivers are "homing in" on every misstep he makes. His coach is reminding him to stay alert because "they're coming after you." Life is lonely out there in the game's loneliest position. **END**

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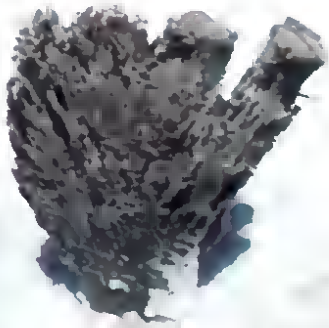
There is no place quite like it. Once it was part of a saline inland lake, the last remnant of which, the Great Salt Lake, lies 75 miles to the east, separated from the Bonneville Salt Flats by the geologic upheaval in the Miocene Epoch that thrust up the Newfoundland Mountains. What remains is a becalmed bed of salt, 100 square miles in area. For most of the year this empty land lies bake-oven hot in eerie silence, but for one week in late September all is sound and fury as hundreds of vehicles descend on the Flats where they roar down a five-mile-long painted black line and then, within an hour, roar back in the opposite direction, in hope of setting a world record during Speed Week.

WHITE HOT WORLD OF SPEED

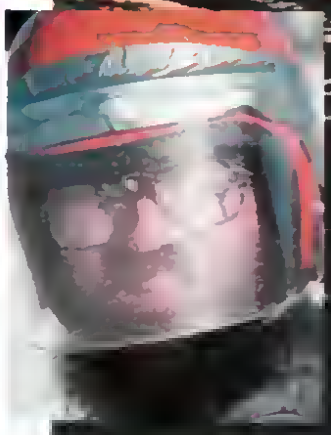
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE

DRIVER
RICK
VESCO

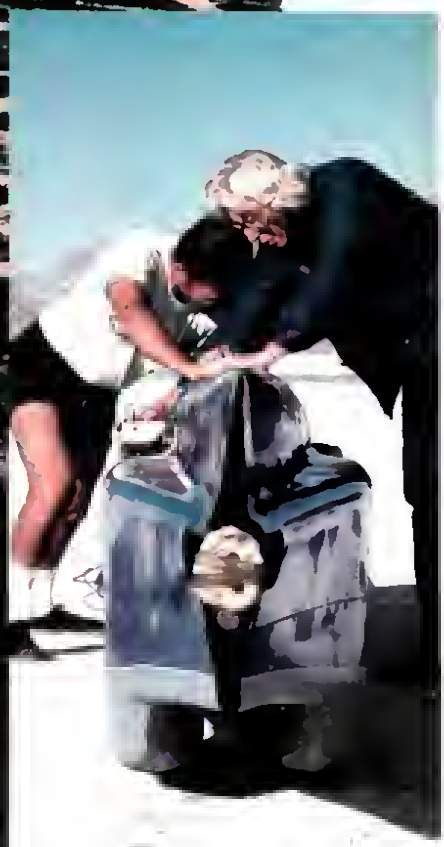


In this difficult terrain course markers turn into driftwood, moths are haloed in salt and man's thoughtless insults to nature are quickly erased.

Speed Week on the Flats has a racing class for everything, from hot rods that parade city streets the rest of the year to swoopy single-purpose, big-bucks streamliners.



As strange-looking vehicles, both cars and motorcycles, speed over the glaring surface of salt, spectators observe from equally bizarre grandstands; a canine fan gets treated to a cooling ride; and drivers, cars and crews all acquire a coat of salt until the world from horizon to horizon appears to turn white on white.



Crisscrossing trails left by the annual invasion of vehicles last until the winter rains come and the salt is put back into solution. Once the water evaporates in the blazing heat, the salt flats are re-created.

Bonneville specializes in fooling the eye, not just with fantasy cars but with an ability to transform itself from a glittering lake into a world where two moons shine.

LAND OF ILLUSIONS

Much of the magic of Bonneville lies in illusions The light refracts, bending and bouncing off the Flats; sometimes objects seem to float, while at other times they dance eerily on the wind The mountains are all around, yet not connected to the earth—a thin and wavy ribbon of space perpetually separates them from the horizon Underfoot (and under wheel), the salt gives off a marvelous crunch to the touch, granulating into what appear to be many-faceted diamonds Here, annually, the Southern California Timing Association plays host late in September to all manner of wheeled objects—ungainly '32 Ford "hot rods," envelope-bodied streamliners, vehicles with chassis culled from jet-aircraft wing tanks as they attempt to set straight-line speed records It is said that all of Bonneville's images remain locked somewhere inside this strange continuum, reappearing from time to time as mirages, and that, on hot autumn middays, one might squint off into the distance and see the Conestoga wagons of the Donner party crossing the far eastern edge of the desert They did just that, on a diagonal run into the winter of 1846, and such is the character of that part of Bonneville that, in a few spots, their wagon tracks can still be seen Or, over here, flickering along, one might see the long-nosed, 12-cylinder Pierce-Arrow of Ab Jenkins, Ab wearing his cap turned backward, busting along at 120 or so miles an hour—a 1932 reality brought back from its time warp The Salt Flats have seen and retained it all, or so the legend goes—and just imagine what a marvelous playback the world record runs will make on that day when the light and temperature are perfect and the sun's at just the right angle There'll be Sir Malcolm Campbell and son Donald in their *Bluebirds*, and John Cobb hitting his 394 20 mph, and old Captain George E T Eyston in his seven-ton eight-wheeler And Mickey Thompson hitting 406 60 one way, followed by the irrepressible Craig Breedlove, who *crashed* at 539 89 Think of the mirage Art Arfons in his jet-powered *Green Monster*, setting his world land-speed trick-record of 6 10 in 1966 when the Monster cartwheeled for a measured 560 feet and then slid for another mile after that The machinery rolls on, coming into focus for a fleeting moment then flashing away, trailing heat waves and frightening sound As Breedlove said on emerging from his *Spirit of America* "It's a whole lot scarier to watch one of these cars on the Flats than it is to drive one" Well, good thing that such days of glory are preserved, if only on an ethereal plane, because the racing days of the Great Salt Desert are numbered The drainage ditches of potash-mining operations now crisscross the Flats like the canals on Mars, and the character of the salt is changing—its hard-packed diamonds growing soft and losing luster as ground water seeps into the spaces voided by mining But while the racing may soon end, the memories will remain, preserved in salt, as it were, to perpetuate the fame of Bonneville as a place of wonderful mystery ***—Bob Ottum***

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'have I looked in the
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by Ron Fimrite

All he can win is respect

Angels Manager Gene Mauch hasn't had a championship in his 22 seasons

If you go by looks, Gene Mauch is your baseball manager. See him there behind the batting cage, a trim, tanned, silver-haired man of medium height and middle years (he's 55), gazing at the activity before him—batting practice—with such uncommon solemnity you can almost hear him think. This man Mauch, as it's so often said of him, is all baseball. "There's electricity out there," he says, pointing a bat like a classroom pointer toward the diamond before him. "A thousand things are going on between the mound and the plate. It's an interesting game."

It certainly is, and Mauch, now managing his fourth major league team, the California Angels, is one reason for it. He's reputed to be one of the game's most astute field leaders, rated in an informal SPORTS ILLUSTRATED poll of baseball writers last year as belonging in the top rank of current skippers. Yet his record would seem a direct contradiction of that rating. In 22 seasons, Mauch has managed neither a pennant- nor even a division-winning team. By leading the Angels out of the running this year, he has established a major league record for non-winning, breaking the old substandard for failing to win a title of any sort—21 seasons—he jointly held with Jimmy Dykes. (Mauch also holds the National League mark of 16 non-winning seasons). Mauch's 1961 Phillies lost 23 games in succession, a modern record approached only by his '69 Montreal Expos, who dropped 20 in a row. For the season the '61 Phillies lost 107 games, the '69 Expos 110. More than half of Mauch's 22 teams have failed to win half their games. He has had only one second-place finisher, the '64 Phillies, and even their relatively modest achievement is tarnished. The Phils that year were 6½ games ahead of the pack with only 12 games remaining. They promptly lost 10 in a row and handed the pennant to the Cardinals, some critics say because Mauch elected to stay with two weary starters, Jim Bunning and Chris Short, down the stretch while ignoring ace reliever Jack Baldschun.

Only Connie Mack (career record 3,776–4,025), John McGraw (2,840–1,984), Bucky Harris (2,159–2,219) and Casey Stengel (1,926–1,867) have lost more games than Mauch, but all of them are in the Hall of Fame and together they won 32 pennants and 17 World Series. At week's end Mauch's record was 1,550–1,736 and come October his seat will be in the stands.

Nevertheless, hardly anyone in the know thinks of him as a loser. When Mauch took command of the Phillies in 1960 they had finished last the previous two seasons and in the second division four straight years. Within four seasons under Mauch the Phillies had become contenders. The Expos were an expansion team that Mauch had in fourth place before he departed for Minnesota. Upon arriving in the Twin Cities, he vowed never to manage a loser again, and his blue eyes fairly sparkled when he filled out a lineup card with the names of such stalwart young hitters as Rod Carew, Dan Ford, Larry Hisle and Lyman Bostock. Alas, Calvin Griffith, a penurious owner confronted with the new free-agent salary structure, let them all get away, and Mauch was saddled once more with mediocrity. Last Aug. 24 he simply quit, repairing to his home near Palm Springs to play some golf. "I'd had enough of building had clubs," he muttered.

But on Feb. 12, Mauch's old pal Buzzie Bavasi offered him a new sort of challenge. Bavasi, the Angels' executive vice-president, told Mauch he wanted someone to take an active hand in the baseball end of California's operation so that he might devote more time to generating the income needed to meet the Angels' enormous payroll. Mauch accepted the job of director of player personnel with the understanding that in time he might even succeed the 66-year-old Bavasi as the Angels' top executive. He undertook his new responsibilities with enthusiasm, engineering a trade with Houston that brought the Angels their 1981 pitching star, Ken Forsch (11–7).

Angel-watchers were suspicious, however. A newspaperman asked Bavasi how Manager Jim Fregosi's whiplash injury was. "What whiplash?" inquired Bavasi. "The one he got from looking over his shoulder at Mauch," came the reply. Both Bavasi and Mauch were quick to counter

continued

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such cynicism. Asked if Mauch had been hired as Fregosi's successor, Bavasi sputtered, "Absolutely not. I already have three ex-managers on the payroll—Bill Rigney, Preston Gomez and Herman Franks [who has since become the Cubs' general manager]. I enjoy having those people around me. If you don't take the opportunity to hire them, you're stupid."

"Not for one instant was I thinking of managing the Angels when I took that job," says Mauch. "I had no designs on Jimmy's job."

But the talent-loaded, if perpetually jinxed, Angels got off to a languid start under Fregosi, and when on May 28 they had fallen 7½ games behind the A's in the AL West, owner Gene Autry called Mauch in and informed him the team was going to make a managerial change. Was he interested? "I'd turned down four managing jobs already," Mauch says. "And one as a general manager. I was enjoying what I was doing, but by then I'd had nine months out of uniform and I asked Mr. Autry if he was 100% sure he wanted to make the change. He said yes, so I said let's go." And what of his own feelings? "Well, when you put your whole life into the game, it's like having malaria. It will go away for a while, but it will come back. It did."

Not all of the Angels were enthusiastic about the change, although most expected it. Fregosi, who was only 39 and in the fourth year of his first managing job, had been popular with the players, even though his inexperience often made them uncertain of his leadership. Ford, recalling his days with Mauch in Minnesota, was openly apprehensive. "We hadn't always seen eye to eye," Ford says. "He likes to have a different lineup every day. In Minnesota he kept moving me up and down the batting order, depending on who was pitching. That's a discredit to the hitter. I'm much more comfortable hitting in the same spot. But I said to myself, 'We'll just have to wait and see what happens.' " Under Mauch, Ford has usually batted third.

Mauch got off to a good start with the Angels, winning nine of 13 games. "I don't think I've ever been more pleased or excited in baseball than I was by June 11," he says. "This team was playing quality baseball. It was all fun again." But on June 12 the Angels and players everywhere went on strike. When they returned to action on Aug. 10, California's momentum was gone. "I think I'll spend the rest of my life being bitter about that strike," says Mauch. "We never got that feeling back."

And then came the injuries that have been so much a part of the Angels' valetudinary history. Centerfielder Fred Lynn went out with a bad left knee, Carew with a sore right shoulder and the righthanded Forsch with an infected boil on his pitching elbow—almost $3 million worth of talent in the infirmary. Under Fregosi the Angels had been 22–25, through last Sunday under Mauch they were 26–31, including one stretch, Sept. 5-20, when they lost 14 of 15. At week's end, California's 17–27 record for the second half of the split season was the worst in the league.

But, as usual, no one is blaming Mauch. "I have tremendous respect for Gene," says Carew. "I can't think of anyone who has ever played for him who can say he hasn't learned from him."

"He's three batters ahead of everybody else," says pitcher Mike Witt. "He makes you want to think more."

"He's one of the few managers I know who's a good judge of talent," says Bavasi, "and he has common sense."

Yet, another losing season is ending for this paragon. How long can he extend his record of futility? "I think you'll see Gene around until he wins this thing," says Bavasi. Mauch smiled—not a common occurrence—when he heard of that prognosis. "My first priority is to do a good job," he said in measured tones. "But"—and he held a hand to his flat midsection—"it still hurts in here. After all these years, I still hurn to win."

THE WEEK

(Sept. 21–27)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST The Philadelphia (4–3) bats, which of late had seemed as badly cracked as the Liberty Bell, finally began to resound. Big. As in an 11-run inning, the major leagues' biggest such outburst of the season, in a 14–6 drubbing of St. Louis. The Phillies had nine straight hits over two innings that night, the longest streak of that sort in the league since 1930. Even reliever Sparky Lyle had a hit last week and the first stolen base of his 16-year career. But the biggest bopper was Gary Matthews, who drove in 12 runs and hit .435. That gave Matthews 31 RBIs in his last 26 games. In a week replete with superb pitching—there were nine shutouts in the National League—one of the finest performances was Steve Carlton's 10 scoreless innings during a 17-inning, 1–0 loss in Montreal. Carlton yielded only three hits, and his 12 strikeouts pushed him past Bob Gibson for a career league record of 3,128. Meanwhile the race for first came down to a battle between the Expos and Cardinals *(page 32)*.

Leon Durham and Ty Waller, who came to Chicago (4–3) in the off-season trade that sent Bruce Sutter to St. Louis, both homered during a 4–3 victory over the Cardinals. Steve Henderson's RBI single helped beat his former Met teammates 2–1. And Jody Davis, once a New York farmhand, hit one of four Cub homers during a 10–9 defeat of the Mets. Durham and Waller also slugged four-baggers that day, and Bobby Bonds broke a 9–9 deadlock when he unloaded in the eighth.

Jason Thompson's fourth home run in five games, a three-run blast, enabled Pittsburgh (2–5) to beat New York 5–3. The Mets (2–5) defeated the Pirates 4–3 on Mark Lee's wild pitch in the 13th.

MONT 26–20 ST.L 24–21 CHI 21–23
PHIL 21–24 NY 21–25 PITT 18–28

NL WEST "Shoot, I don't get emotional about these things anymore," said Nolan Ryan of the Astros (4–2) after pitching a record-setting fifth no-hitter to beat the Dodgers 5–0. To understand Ryan, 34, is to realize that in his own way he was thrilled but that he learned to master his emotions long before he got control of his pitches. Although Ryan's fastball has been timed at 101 mph, his personality putt-putts along at 46 mph or so. Besides, he'd tired four no-hitters between 1973 and 1975 while with the Angels. Nonetheless, he said, "This is probably the one I'll cherish the most. I did it at home, on national TV and my mother was here. This is the first one my mom has seen."

Mom got an eyeful. Ryan walked three men in the first three innings and then retired the last 19 Dodgers in order. On the way to his 188th career win, Ryan fired his fastball at as much as 97 mph, had a snapping curve and fanned 11 batters. That gave him 3,240 strikeouts, 268 shy of Walter Johnson's big league record. Only one ball came close to being a hit, but Righthielder Terry Puhl made a backhanded grab of that drive by Mike Scioscia near the warning track in the seventh. With two down in the ninth, Dusty Baker took two fastballs from Ryan. Both missed the plate. "I knew the curve was coming," Baker said of the next pitch. In all his no-hitters, Ryan pointed out later, his breaking pitch was at its best. It was against Baker, who, despite *having guessed right,* grounded to Art Howe at third for the final out. Also keeping Houston in first were Don Sutton, who defeated Atlanta 3–0, and L.A., 4–1 on a total of five

hits and Jose Cruz, who batted .500.

There were plenty of other fine pitching performances. Reliever Tom Hume of the Reds (5–1) saved Tom Seaver's 3–2 victory in San Diego and Bruce Berenyi's 2–0 triumph in Atlanta. Burt Hooton of the Dodgers (2–4) was a 3–0 victor in Houston. Chris Welsh of the Padres (1–5) blanked the Reds 6–0. Rick Mahler of the Braves (1–5) held the Astros to three hits, slammed a two-run double and won 3–1. For the Giants (5–1), it was the bullpen that excelled, Greg Minton getting three saves and Gary Lavelle winning twice. Minton also set a major league mark by extending the innings he's pitched without allowing a homer to 248 in a row. What's more, Al Holland, a longtime reliever, started in San Diego, went eight innings and won 3–0.

HOUS 30–16 CIN 28–17 SF 26–19
LA 24–22 ATL 21–24 SD 13–34

AL EAST

"It may have been the most exciting moment in Brewer history," said Gorman Thomas of Milwaukee (3–3) about a three-run homer by Robin Yount that stunned Detroit 8–6. Jack Morris of the Tigers was within one strike of winning 6–5 when Yount came through with his shot on a 2–2 pitch. Thomas had hit a three-run homer earlier to tie Tony Armas of the A's for the league lead with 21. Detroit received another jolt the next day when Ben Oglivie walloped a two-run drive in the eighth for a 4–3 victory that gave the Brewers the division lead. Less dramatic but equally effective were the four RBIs that Ted Simmons had in a 10–8 win over Boston and the week-long barrage of hits by Cecil Cooper, who batted .400. And then there was the redoubtable Rollie Fingers. He tossed 5⅔ innings of airtight relief to seal all three wins and increase his saves to 28, the most in the majors.

Detroit (3–3) regained first place Sunday as Dan Petry bumped off Milwaukee 2–1. Earlier, Milt Wilcox, who had an 0–9 career record against the Orioles, beat the Birds 5–1. And rookie George Cappuzzello, who wasn't even listed on the programs in Baltimore, was a 6–3 victor in Memorial Stadium when he fired 7⅓ innings of three-hit relief. Although he was batting less than .200, John Wockenfuss was the DH in both games because Manager Sparky Anderson wanted to give him a chance to play in front of family members who had come to Baltimore from nearby Delaware. Wockenfuss showed his gratitude by getting five RBIs.

When Boston (3–4) drubbed Milwaukee 9–3, seven Red Sox batters had two hits apiece. That contributed to a .308 week by the Bosox hitters, who were led by Dwight Evans' nine RBIs and .344 average. Bob Stanley, the best long reliever in baseball this year, gave up only one hit in 5⅔ innings as he chalked up his 10th win, 5–4 over Cleveland.

Just when the Orioles (3–4) were in danger of falling out of the race, their pitching shaped up. Dennis Martinez (14–5) beat Detroit 1–0, and Jim Palmer and Scott McGregor won in New York by respective scores of 5–1 and 1–0. The Dynamic D's supplied the punch. Jim Dwyer's homer in the ninth beat Detroit 1–0, Rich Dauer, Rick Dempsey and Doug DeCinces combined for five hits as Palmer won, and DeCinces' single and Dauer's double gave McGregor the only run he needed.

Cleveland (5–2) gave 'em H. Mike Hargrove, Von Hayes, Toby Harrah and Ron Hassey teamed up to bat .325, score 12 runs and drive in 12. Those four had 17 hits and eight RBIs during 5–2 and 7–5 victories in Boston. But John Denny may have been put out of commission until next season after Reggie Jackson of the Yankees (3–4) wrestled him to the ground and bruised some of his chest cartilage. Jackson, decked by a Denny pitch in his previous at bat, homered moments before grappling with the pitcher. Bobby Murcer's three-run pinch homer in the bottom of the ninth inning defeated Baltimore 6–4.

Ted Cox hit .368 for the Blue Jays (1–5). That, however, was hardly enough to keep them from falling into the basement.

DET 27–19 MIL 27–20 BOS 26–20 BALT 24–21
NY 24–22 CLEV 23–24 TOR 20–23

AL WEST

All I can say is that the Mariner slogan is IT CAN HAPPEN," Seattle Manager Rene Lachemann said. The Mariners (5–2), who had humpety-humped through most of the season like an old Maxwell on four flat tires, suddenly roared through Texas and Kansas City like a Maserati and actually had visions of a playoff berth. Five road victories in a row, Seattle's longest winning streak of the year, put the Mariners in fourth place, only 3½ games out. Reliever Shane Rawley didn't allow a run in six innings in Texas, where he saved 3–2 and 2–1 wins and was a 2–1 victor. Rawley added two more runless innings against Kansas City and won 4–2 when Seattle scored twice in the ninth.

The losing pitcher for the first-place Royals (3–4) in that game was Lefthander Larry Gura, who pitched a five-hitter but was done in by four errors that made all four Seattle runs unearned. Earlier, Gura had beaten Minnesota 2–1 on a four-hitter. It was his first start in 13 days because of a broken little finger on his pitching hand. Doctors had advised him not to pitch for the rest of the season or, if he did, to at least wear a splint, which he disdained. Gura credited his quick healing to his rigorous physical fitness program and to a variety of pills he popped, among them dried leaf of comfrey and abstracts of raw veal bone and bovine orchid tissue.

Rickey Henderson of the A's (4–2) stole nine bases and, after one of them, scored on a 13th-inning single by Keith Drumright for a 3–2 win in Toronto. Rick Langford shut out the Blue Jays 6–0, and Steve McCatty (14–6) defeated Toronto 4–2 and Chicago 5–1.

Five RBIs by Dave Engle plus John Castino's five ribbies and two game-winning hits kept the Twins (4–3) alive. So did a 7–3 win over Texas by Fernando Arroyo, who has had a 2.00 ERA over his last six starts.

Not even the .450 hitting of Mickey Rivers could keep Texas (2–5) from tumbling to fifth. Four weeks after being atop the West, the White Sox (4–4) had to scramble to avoid the cellar. Dennis Lamp's four-hit, 4–1 victory in California and a Sunday doubleheader sweep of Oakland stopped the slide. The A's tied a league mark with eight straight singles, all before making an out in the opener. But reliever Lamarr Hoyt, who gave up the last three of those hits, blanked Oakland the rest of the way as Chicago rallied from a 5–0 deficit to win 9–5. The Sox, who hit three homers in that game, had five more in the nightcap, which they won 10–3. Challenging the Sox were the Angels (5–2). Steve Renko was a two-time winner, and rookies Angel Moreno and Mike Witt defeated Chicago 1–0 and 7–3, respectively. Reliever Don Aase, who earned his 10th and 11th saves, was put out of commission when he sneezed so hard that he separated cartilage in his rib cage. Not to be sneezed at was the .348 hitting of Bobby Grich or a revived offense that carried Geoff Zahn past the Blue Jays 11–5.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

NOLAN RYAN: The Astro righthander struck out 11 Dodgers as he established a big league mark with his fifth career no-hitter. His 5–0 victory ran his record to 10–5 and reduced his ERA to 1.74, the best in either league.

KC 25–21 OAK 23–21 MINN 23–24 SEA 21–25
TEX 19–25 CHI 20–27 CAL 17–27

by John Papanek

In the Merriwell mold

Rich Diana, a real do-everything Yalie, is one of the country's leading runners and a premed student with a 3.5 average

Rich Diana is so accustomed to being overlooked that it no longer bothers him much. "At the beginning of every school year I used to wonder why the teachers always called the roll last names first until they got to me," he says. " 'Adams, Mary; Brown, John; Diana Rich. Where's Diana? Is Diana Rich here? Where are you, Diana?' "

Where is Diana? His professors at Yale know, if no one else does. He's a crackerjack senior biophysics and molecular biochemistry major, headed, he expects, for medical school. Diana also plays for Yale's football team. That's believable enough, because he stands 5′ 11″ and weighs 215 pounds with an eight-lane neck and the torso of a floor safe—the perfect body for a pulling guard. The surprise is that Diana is a tailback, and not just any tailback. He's a genuine record-breaker who ranks in Eli history right there with Albie Booth, Clint Frank, Calvin Hill, Dick Jauron, John Pagliaro and Frank Merriwell.

Raised in the shadow of the Yale Bowl in nearby Hamden, Diana, the son of a TV repairman of Italian descent, rushed for 1,074 yards on 229 carries last year, the second-highest single-season total in Yale history. He also finished second in the country to Marcus Allen of USC in all-purpose running—rushing, receiving and kick-returning yardage—with 174.9 yards a game to Allen's 179.4. And he fumbled only twice. Says Yale Coach Carm Cozza, "Rich has power and decent speed, but he's got a great, great *niftiness*. He'll make you miss him. He bends tacklers back pretty good, too. And smart. Is he smart!"

In Yale's season-opening 28–7 victory over Brown, Diana had already run for 190 yards and three touchdowns when Cozza removed him in the fourth quarter. Only then did Eli Sports Information Director Mark Curran learn that recent research had uncovered an error in the Yale record book. What had been considered to be the school's single-game rushing record—a 223-yard performance by Booth against Army in 1929—had included a 79-yard punt return. The actual record belonged to Jauron, who gained 194 yards against Connecticut in 1972. Nevertheless, Cozza was reluctant to reinsert Diana. "I remember doing that for Brian Dowling in 1968," he said, "and he came out needing nine stitches in his face." But Cozza asked Diana if he wanted to go for the mark. Diana said sure. After a two-yard loss, gains of five and three yards gave him 196 and the record.

"I think I did the right thing for a couple of reasons," says Diana. "First, if I hadn't gone back in, my brother, Vinny, would have killed me. Second, agents have been calling me, asking how I could have gained 1,000 yards last year, finished second in the nation in all-purpose running and still be unknown? I'd say, 'Well, Yale doesn't send out little pamphlets about players the way other schools do.' Then I thought, 'Wait. What if I have the talent to be drafted, but I'm not because I haven't had the publicity?' So, breaking that record did get me some publicity."

Last week he rushed for 140 yards on 26 carries in a 27–18 defeat of Connecticut and got a little bit more ink. He scored on a one-yard plunge on Yale's first possession after carrying six times and catching a pass. In the fourth quarter Diana led the Elis to the decisive touchdown. He threw a 22-yard option pass to Tight End Tom Kokoska, and on the next play swept around left end for 28 yards. He then scored from the six, hitting a crack in the left side of the line and spinning like a tornado until he was in the end zone.

Diana is as quiet and modest as he is determined and confident. "Yale is an unusual place for an athlete," he says. "A lot of people here don't even know who I am. And some of those who do have a certain fear of me. I don't know why; I'm a very peaceful person. When I was moving into my room this year, a guy and his girl friend were walking behind me up the stairs. I heard her say to him, 'Oh no. Does *he* live on your floor, too?' He turns

continued

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to her and says, 'Shh. He might hear you,' as if I'm some type of a beast or something. I would like to make it known that I'm not a jock. I may not be a Renaissance man, but I'm more than just an athlete."

The Ivy League is one of the few organizations left that treats collegiate athletics the way they were originally intended to be treated, and it's a delight to encounter a legitimate scholar-athlete like Diana. According to the Yale press guide, the football team has 83 former members of high school honor societies, 10 valedictorians, three salutatorians and 16 class presidents. Diana was ranked third in his class of 800 at Hamden High, and at least he's a hero in his hometown. With the exception of another Eli, Whitney, Diana is perhaps Hamden's most prominent native son.

Diana, who has a 3.5 GPA in his grueling discipline, wants to become a surgeon, and he's waiting to hear from such medical schools as Harvard, Yale and NYU after scoring in the 70th percentile on the medical boards. "If I played somewhere else on scholarship, I probably wouldn't be able to devote as much time to studying," he says. "Here, academics are stressed, but so is sports. You can do both seriously."

That means undertaking a punishing schedule—16 hours of class each week and football practice every day from 3:45 until six. "Whether I go to medical school right away or wait depends on how football and baseball go," he says. Oh yes, Diana also plays centerfield for the Elis. Last year he hit .341 with eight homers and a school-record 43 RBIs.

But football is his first love. "You have to become a warrior when you're on the field," he says. It is hard to think of Diana, who has all the meanness and rough edges of a puppy dog, as a warrior. "That may be why I enjoy the game so much," he says. "I expend all my warlike tendencies in football so they don't show in real life." Last week he showed a visitor a film of the little dance he did after a 35-yard touchdown run in the Brown game. He wanted to prove he was capable of displaying emotion on the field. The dance was emotive, but Diana noticed something else in the film. A few yards from the goal line a Brown tackler desperately dived for Diana's ankles. You could see Diana make a tiny jump that was perfectly timed to elude his pursuer's grasp. "You know, I remember seeing that guy," Diana says, running the film back and forth several times. The man was clearly behind him. "I *saw* him, though," he says. "I don't know how, but I saw him."

Diana studies running backs like Earl Campbell and Walter Payton almost as assiduously as he studies physical chemistry, so maybe it's not so hard to understand his success at carrying the football, even with his lineman's body. "There's so much you can learn just by watching," he says. "I have a knack for observing and absorbing and then applying things I see to my style.

"When I carry the football, there's such an exhilaration going through my body. I've hit home runs and made great catches, but there's nothing in life that can compare with carrying the ball. I love playing football so much that it hurts me to think that in eight more weeks I might not play anymore."

THE WEEK

by ANTHONY COTTON

EAST Yale and Rich Diana and their win over Connecticut notwithstanding, the Ivy League had rough going, losing seven nonconference games. In Cambridge, Mass., Harvard and Holy Cross both turned blocked punts into touchdowns, but the Crimson's effort went for naught as Holy Cross won 33–19. John Andreoli smothered the Harvard kick early in the fourth quarter, one play after he had sacked Quarterback Ron Cuccia for a nine-yard loss. "On a previous punt my job was to drive back the man in front of me," said Andreoli, "but he took a step back. This time I said to myself if he takes a step back, I'm going right on in, full speed ahead." And he did. Chris McMahon picked up the loose ball on the five-yard line and ran it in for the score.

Quarterback Rick Scully hit Kevin Phelan with a 61-yard touchdown pass on Delaware's first possession, and the Blue Hens, the No. 1 Division I-AA team, went on to trounce Princeton 61–8. Playing little more than two quarters, Scully completed six of eight passes for 141 yards and ran 49 yards for a TD. In other games involving Ivy League schools, it was Colgate 34, Cornell 10; Lafayette 28, Columbia 13; Army 23, Brown 17; Massachusetts 10, Dartmouth 8; and Lehigh 58, Penn 0. The Engineers' rout of Penn was their highest point total ever against the Quakers in a series dating back to 1885.

Indiana, which faced USC superback Marcus Allen two weeks ago, found itself going against another one in Syracuse's Joe Morris. The end result was a 21–7 loss for the Hoosiers, as Morris gained 164 yards on 26 carries and caught four passes for 73 yards.

MIDWEST How good is this season's Penn State team, a 30–24 winner over Nebraska? Coach Joe Paterno wasn't telling. "I don't want to put a monkey on our backs," he said. "But we do have a good football team. I'm sure of that. How good? I don't know." But Nebraska Linebacker Steve Damkroger, as forthright as Paterno is coy, said flat out, "In my opinion, we were getting beat pretty badly out there." Doing most of the damage for the Nittany Lions was Tailback Curt Warner, who carried 28 times for 238 yards. Warner's longest run, 56 yards, set up Brian Franco's fifth field goal of the day. "I counted on being called on at least three times, but no way did I think they'd need me five," said Franco, who hit from 29, 48, 39, 20 and 32 yards. Franco is 6 for 6 this year on field goals and 8 for 8 on extra points. "On the first one against Nebraska I was nervous, but after that I was having so much fun I really relaxed." Franco may have been the only one relaxed in Lincoln, where the lead changed hands seven times. "There was enough glory in that game for both sides," said Paterno. "I was impressed by the way Nebraska kept coming back." Cornhusker Coach Tom Osborne wasn't impressed with his squad's four turnovers, three on first-half fumbles.

Defense, not turnovers, was the dominant force in Iowa's 20–7 win over UCLA. It was the second time in three weeks the Hawkeyes had knocked off a Top 10 team, Nebraska having been its earlier such victim. "Heck fire, early in the second quarter I began thinking, 'This team cannot score against us,'" said Iowa Coach Hayden Fry. Indeed, the Hawkeyes held the Bruins to 74 yards rushing and 86 yards passing. "I don't remember ever being as ineffective in my coaching career as I was today," said UCLA Coach Terry Donahue. "We tried up the middle and were stopped. We tried outside and were stopped. And when we tried to pass, Iowa sacked us." Doing most of the stopping was Iowa Nose Guard Pat Dean, who made 12 tackles, 10 in the first half.

Brigham Young found out it can play offense without Jim McMahon at quarterback in a 41–20 defeat of Colorado. When McMahon left the game early in the third period with a hyperextended left knee, sophomore Steve Young threw for two touchdowns and set up a field goal. Before leaving, McMahon threw for 263 yards and three TDs. He also continued his assault on the NCAA record book, setting marks for most touchdown passes over two years (58) and TDs rushing and passing, in a three-year period (75).

An inspired bit of play selection helped Purdue to a 15–14 win over Notre Dame that gave Irish Coach Gerry Faust back-to-back

continued

SI TOP 20

1.	TEXAS (3–0)	1 *
2.	USC (3–0)	2
3.	PENN STATE (2–0)	3
4.	N. CAROLINA (3–0)	6
5.	PITT (2–0)	7
6.	OHIO STATE (3–0)	8
7.	OKLAHOMA (1–1)	4
8.	MICHIGAN (2–1)	9
9.	WASHINGTON (3–0)	11
10.	MISS. STATE (3–0)	12
11.	BYU (4–0)	13
12.	GEORGIA (3–1)	15
13.	ALABAMA (3–1)	17
14.	SMU (4–0)	—
15.	CLEMSON (3–0)	19
16.	MISSOURI (3–0)	20
17.	MIAMI (2–1)	16
18.	IOWA (2–1)	—
19.	ARKANSAS (3–0)	—
20.	UCLA (2–1)	5

* Last week

defeats for the first time since 1968 at Moeller High in Cincinnati. After Phil Carter had run 30 yards for a touchdown to give Notre Dame a 14–7 lead with 2:57 to play, Purdue reached the Irish one-yard line when Steve Bryant hauled in a 42-yard pass from Quarterback Scott Campbell. Following a six-yard loss and a pair of incomplete passes, the Boilermakers called time out with 19 seconds remaining to set up their next play. The mumbo jumbo came from Receiver Coach Dick Dullaghan. "I said 'Hey, 63 roll out of the rip [shotgun formation],' " recalled Dullaghan. "I don't know why I suggested that play." Whatever the reason, it worked as Bryant scored on the pass from Campbell to pull Purdue within one. Using the same play, Campbell again passed to Bryant, this time for the two-point conversion and the victory.

WEST In what could have been labeled The Battle of the Hobbling Heisman Trophy Candidates, Ohio State's Art Schlichter and Stanford's John Elway, both nursing sore ankles, played to a draw in their personal quarterbacking duel, but the Buckeyes came out on top 24–19. Schlichter completed 16 of 32 passes for 240 yards and two TDs; Elway 28 of 42 for 248 and two TDs. The difference in the game was the Ohio State defense, which held the Cardinals to two field goals through the first three quarters. "We were blitzing and generally pressing," said Ohio State Middle Guard Nick Miller, "but then we went into a nickle and three-man rush. That gave Elway a little more time." Elway took advantage of it, passing to Don Lonsinger and Mike Tolliver for fourth-quarter touchdowns before reinjuring his ankle. Elway returned with 1:33 to play, but the Cardinals' final drive ended on the Ohio State 46 when Vincent White fumbled after catching a short pass.

"We've been choking on duck meat," said Washington Tailback Dennis Brown of last year's 34–10 upset at the hands of the Oregon Webfoots. Brown and his teammates found a more palatable taste in this season's 17–3 win. Still, the game, which was played in intermittent rain, wasn't exactly duck soup for the Huskies. They needed a blocked punt to put them ahead and 10 points in the fourth quarter to keep them there. "I think we finally recognized that this is a rivalry," said Washington Coach Don James. "You better be ready to play. We took this game more seriously this year."

Arizona State may not have taken its game against Washington State seriously enough, and the Sun Devils were upset by the Cougars 24–21. The difference was Kevin Morris' 29-yard field goal with 5:18 to go. Washington State jumped out to a 21–6 halftime lead, the second score having been set up by a 45-yard flanker reverse pass from Paul Escalera to Jeff Poppe, but Arizona State tied the score with two touchdowns and a two-point conversion in a 3:03 span in the third quarter.

SOUTHWEST Texas and Miami engaged in a defensive struggle for the better part of three quarters in Austin, and then staged a shootout for five minutes and 14 seconds late in the third and early in the fourth quarters. When the smoke had cleared, the Longhorns had two of the three touchdowns, enough for a 14–7 victory. Texas marched 99 yards in seven plays for the first TD. A.J. (Jam) Jones ran nine yards for the score, but the big play in the drive was a 58-yard pass from Rick McIvor to Herkie Walls, who made a juggling, falling catch at the Miami 36. "I practice those just to give the folks something for their money," said Walls. "Seriously, the ball hit me in the face mask. I was bobbling it and just thinking I'd better hold on. If I'd been able to stay on my feet, that would have been something." Miami retaliated on the next series with a four-play, 80-yard scoring drive. The clincher was a 32-yard pass from Jim Kelly to Larry Brodsky. Texas came back with an 80-yard touchdown march of its own. McIvor connected with Donnie Little on a 45-yard pass for the TD. Before all the offense, punters had provided most of the action. Miami's Greg LaBelle averaged 45.4 yards on eight kicks, and Texas' John Goodson booted seven times for a 48.8-yard average.

The officials provided most of the action in Houston's 35–7 win over Utah State. Cougar Quarterback Lionel Wilson ran for two scores and threw for another, but the refs were the real standouts, assessing Houston 208 yards in penalties and Utah State 147.

SOUTH In a day-night doubleheader in Jackson, Miss., Mississippi State beat Florida 28–7 and then Arkansas defeated Mississippi 27–13. Defense was the key to the Bulldogs' victory, as they picked off five Gator passes, recovered a fumble and held Florida to minus 10 yards rushing. Mississippi trailed Arkansas by seven points late in the fourth quarter and was marching for a score when Cornerback Danny Walters intercepted a John Fourcade pass on the Razorback 13-yard line and returned it 87 yards for a touchdown. "The second I released the ball I knew it was going to be a footrace," said Fourcade. One that he was bound to lose, according to Walters. "When I tucked the ball away I couldn't see anything but grass," said Walters, "and I knew no quarterback was going to catch me." Three plays before throwing the interception, Fourcade broke the Mississippi career total offense record. His 257 yards gave him 5,677. The old mark belonged to Archie Manning, who accounted for 5,576 yards from 1968 to 1970.

Alabama Coach Bear Bryant moved closer to a record of his own after the Tide beat Vanderbilt 28–7. The win was Bryant's 309th and leaves him just five short of Amos Alonzo Stagg's career victory mark. The Tide rolled when Defensive Tackle Jackie Cline blocked a first-period punt through the end zone for a safety. Seven minutes later, Cline hit Vanderbilt Quarterback Ardell Fuller from behind, jarring the ball loose. Defensive End Russ Wood caught the ball in midair and returned it 33 yards for a touchdown.

Kelvin Bryant of North Carolina had another resplendent day as the Tar Heels routed Boston College 56–14. Celebrating his 21st birthday, Bryant iced Boston College with four touchdowns and 173 yards in 22 carries. In three games, North Carolina has scored 161 points.

Football may be fun again for Georgia's Herschel Walker, who rushed for 176 yards and two touchdowns in the Bulldogs' 24–0 romp over South Carolina. "I was hitting the hole faster this week and I was accelerating," said Walker. "The first few games this season I was dancing and looking too much. I followed my blocks better today." END

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Kelvin Bryant, North Carolina's 6′ 2″, 195-pound junior tailback, rushed 22 times for 173 yards and four touchdowns in the Tar Heels' 56–14 win over Boston College. Bryant has 15 touchdowns in three games.

DEFENSE: Clay Peacher, a 6′ 2″, 195-pound sophomore linebacker at Mississippi State, had five solo tackles, five assists, two sacks for minus 29 yards and a 34-yard interception return in the Bulldogs' 28–7 defeat of Florida.

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by Clive Gammon

O where are thy Sting?

Well, Chicago just happens to be sitting pretty atop the NASL, thank you, having rudely dethroned the Cosmos 1–0 after a shootout at Toronto's Soccer Bowl

The way it looked, late last Saturday at Exhibition Stadium in Toronto, it was Glory-Glory-Hallelujah Night. The mighty, which is to say the Cosmos, had fallen, and the humble, which is to take but minor license in describing the Chicago Sting, had been exalted. As a consequence of which, some 4,000 Sting fans had invaded the field, joyfully torn down the netting from the goal at its western end and been balked from doing likewise to the other goal only by the timely arrival of security guards and a forklift.

Not a black-and-yellow-bedecked reveler among them cared that Chicago had won the 1981 Soccer Bowl 1–0 and, thereby, the NASL title by a dubious device, invented by the league, called the shootout, or that the score, after 90 minutes of regulation play and 15 minutes of overtime, had stood at 0–0. Their side was home free. Even in the moment of victory, though, it might have occurred to a few of them that the Sting had also thrown a lifeline to the beleaguered NASL and that sometime in the future Chicago's victory might be regarded as a turning point in U.S. soccer history: Here, at last, was an alternative to the tedious succession of Cosmos Soccer Bowl wins (1977, '78 and '80) and a rare outburst of fan enthusiasm.

Before Saturday night, though, it looked as if nothing could help the league, even though Soccer Bowl finally would feature franchises from two of the largest American cities. Goodby, Fort Lauderdale. Farewell, Tampa Bay. This time it was Goliath vs. Goliath, each with a 23–9 record, each committed to attacking play—didn't the Sting's and Cosmos' last regular-season game end 6–5 in Chicago's favor? And together their home areas could muster something like 17% of the nation's TV viewers.

But despite the potential for a huge audience, the privilege of watching this match of giants live was confined to Brazil and a few portions of Canada because ABC chose to telecast the game via tape delay in the U.S. At game time, a Sting fan tuning in to WLS, ABC's Chicago affiliate, would have found himself confronted by a *Love Boat* rerun. But, at least later in the evening, he would get to see the game. In New York, Cosmos backers would have to wait until 12:30 p.m. on Sunday to watch it. Otherwise, the fans' only shot was to turn up at Exhibition Stadium, the rickety Toronto ballpark, its worn AstroTurf hastily rearranged to cover the pitcher's mound. Marvelously, 4,000 Sting fans traveled the 515 miles to do just that.

The TV embarrassment reflected the league's parlous state. Almost a year ago, the number of NASL franchises shrank from 24 to 21. And last week, as the surviving owners assembled in Toronto for Soccer Bowl and the meetings that would follow the game, it seemed as if at least five more franchises were headed down the tubes. There would be no more Washington Diplomats, Dallas Tornado, California Surf or Atlanta Chiefs, it seemed sure. Probably no more Calgary Boomers either, though their financially troubled owner, Nelson Skalbania, was making a last-ditch attempt to find a buyer.

With that massive el foldo in the offing, a somewhat desperate new party line was being promulgated by NASL executives: that the new league, slimmed down to 16, would be more viable. Which, translated, meant: *Let's toss out the weak sisters, lighten the sled and maybe we'll cheat the wolves yet.*

The possibility that Phil Woosnam, the NASL commissioner, might join the weaklings in the snowdrifts was being openly discussed. "However hardworking he is, he has to go," one dissident declared. "He promised too much. Nobody will listen to him now."

And, fashionably, a strong monetarist voice began making itself heard, the league's David Stockman being a new-

continued

His hair flying, Margetic fires a shootout attempt that Cosmos Keeper Birkenmeier barely deflects

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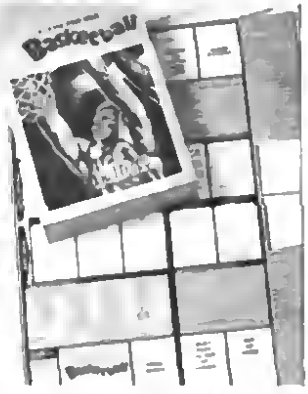

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comer to the NASL named Ralph Sweet, since last November the principal owner of the Minnesota Kicks and, like Woosnam, a Welshman. Sweet is given to hardline statements like "I don't enjoy paying out $100,000 a year to keep people comfortable in midtown Manhattan"—an unconcealed reference to the league's headquarters on New York's Avenue of the Americas, which, Sweet believes, should be moved 25 miles out of the city to White Plains, N.Y. Another of his pet peeves is the NASL budget, which, he says, should be reduced from $4 million to $1 million.

The odds are, however, that Woosnam has enough allies to keep him aboard the sled. What's more, somewhat improved attendance in the last stages of the season—it was nonetheless down 8.42% for the year—and the result of Soccer Bowl itself permitted at least a few rays of light to cut through the encompassing gloom.

One owner who was all aglow last week was Chicago's Lee Stern, who arrived in Toronto wearing a magnificent black Stetson with a yellow cockade—his team's colors. "You have the new city, Montreal," he said, "and now you have the old, veteran city, Chicago, that's been lying there like a dead dog, waking up."

He was speaking of the new and successful Montreal Manic side, which drew a crowd of 58,542 to the Olympic Stadium in the playoffs, and then of how the Sting, in the third game of its semifinal series with San Diego, had been cheered on by 39,623 at Comiskey Park. "When Karl-Heinz Granitza [the Sting's high-scoring West German striker] walks down the street in Chicago now," he said, exaggerating somewhat, "he could be Walter Payton. After that game they took his shoes, his shirt and they tore down the goalposts in a sheer outpouring of love. There's been nothing like it in the city since the Bears won the NFL championship in 1963."

The Sting hit Toronto like a circus coming to town, not like a team that had had to play nine games to reach the final. And the ringmaster, the most ebullient of them all, was Coach Willy Roy, whose game plan, he announced to reporters, featured a bigger goal at the Cosmos' end, with a midget to defend it, and Exhibition Stadium's ratty AstroTurf ripped up and replaced by grass.

For their part, the Cosmos hadn't looked like world-beaters this year. The 4–0 and 5–1 victories of other seasons had been rare. Up to the playoffs 12 Cosmos wins had been by a mere goal. And none of those victories had been against Chicago, which had not only beaten the Cosmos twice but whose record over the years against the easterners was an astonishing 6–1. "I'm afraid of the Sting, and I'm entitled," Giorgio Chinaglia, the Cosmos' captain and the league's leading scorer, with 29 regular-season goals, said last week. "Each time they beat us we were on a seven-game winning streak. And Toronto has bad, hard AstroTurf."

Although his man got off six shots, Mathieu (7) was game MVP for his marking of Chinaglia (right)

What no one could have forecast was that these two attacking sides could fail to score a goal through 105 minutes of play. In the first minute, the Sting's Ingo Peter drove a fierce, curling ball from outside the 35-yard line just wide of the near corner of the goal, and a slip by Cosmos Midfielder Johan Neeskens almost let Chicago's spectacular Argentinian Forward Pato Margetic, he of the shoulder-length blond locks, through moments later.

The Chicago defense looked permeable, though. Frantz Mathieu, especially, committed hair-raising errors in the first half that twice almost led to Cosmos' scores, although he had no particular difficulty with a mostly subdued Chinaglia. Why was Giorgio subdued? Possibly because of an incident that happened as the Cosmos' bus waited to leave the hotel before the game, when an unruly Sting fan yelled insults at Chinaglia in Italian. Giorgio charged out of the bus and a short fracas followed. A historic moment perhaps: the first touch of soccer hooliganism to reach North America. The game is clearly maturing here.

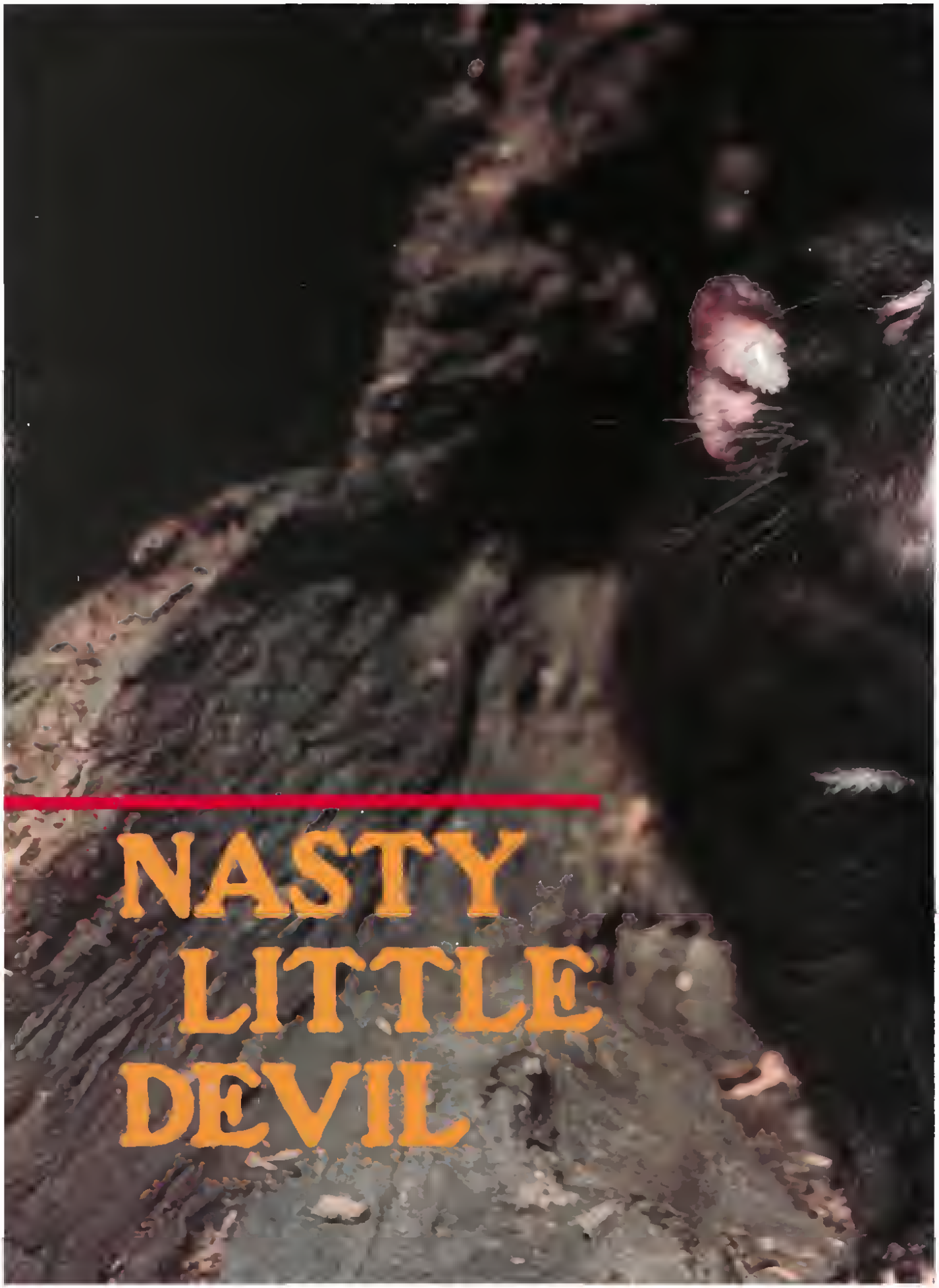
There was on-the-field rough stuff, too, as frustrations mounted. With half an hour left in the game, Chicago's Rudy Glenn heavily fouled Wim Rijsbergen from behind. Shoving matches developed, notably between Neeskens and Granitza. In the ensuing melee, Rijsbergen ended up painfully doubled over and had to leave the field, having been, as players delicately put it, "banjoed." It remained a mystery why no Chicago player received a red card as a consequence.

By then the game had become a succession of notable misses, mostly on the part of Chicago and most spectacularly in the second half, when Peter, with Cosmos Goalie Hubert Birkenmeier way out of position, hit the post from close range. And there was 15 minutes of barren extra time, and then the shootout.

It wasn't until the sixth shootout attempt, when the Cosmos' Vladislav Bogicevic struck the ball hard and true into the roof of the net, that the deadlock was broken and the Cosmos were a goal up. But immediately thereafter Granitza leveled the score for the Sting, the Cosmos' Ivan Buljan had his shot saved and at last Glenn clinched it for Chicago.

Later, Weisweiler said, "I think it would be better that we repeat this game, better for U.S. soccer," and he was right. As was Roy when he said, "We could've gone to New York or Chicago next week and replayed this game in front of 70,000 or 80,000." That's what would have happened anywhere else in the world, and such a rematch might, almost by itself, have set the NASL on its feet again.

As it is, there will be a long wait until next spring, a new season and maybe the final test of the league's resilience. **END**


NASTY
LITTLE
DEVIL

It lives in only one place in the world, the quiet, remote outpost that is Australia's island state of Tasmania. Perhaps that's just as well, because the elusive Tasmanian devil is an ugly, smelly and ferocious critter

BY BIL GILBERT

CONTINUED

continued

The English natural philosopher and novelist C.S. Lewis wrote that we all yearn to know other bloods, the other creatures of the world, and that this is a singular and definitive characteristic of our species. Coming as I do from a family in which this yearning was encouraged, I was in complete agreement with Lewis long before I ever read him. I grew up in a household that always included other bloods—dogs, cats, mules, cows, mice, newts, raccoons, crows, bears, badgers—and I had parents and other adult kin who were hellbent on pursuing a great variety of zoological interests, practical and theoretical, recreational and vocational. Observations, speculation and arguments about the ways of animals, birds, fish and so forth were as frequent and taken as seriously in our house as discussions of politics, sports or economics are in other families.

Some 45 years ago my father gave me a good reference book on the mammals of the world. Within a year or so I had practically committed it to memory, and while doing so, I became acquainted with the Tasmanian devil. Sitting in the bogLands of southern Michigan, I fixed this odd, oddly named creature in my mind as the symbol for the zoologically exotic and mysterious. In much the same way, its native haunt, the island of Tasmania, came to represent for me the absolute in foreign geography. Yearning after the sight of this beast and its island did not, I think, become an obsession or the ultimate ambition of my life. Nonetheless, the notion persisted that, if things worked out right, someday I would cross the world to Tasmania, search for the devil and, if lucky, look upon one. Things did work out right, and I recently made my way to Tasmania, accompanied by my friend Sam Wolmer.

Tasmania is the most southerly state of Australia and very nearly the south-

ernmost outpost of the inhabited world. Because there's nothing much south of the island except penguins and students of ice, residents of Tasmania assume, reasonably enough, that anyone who finds his way there has specific reasons for doing so and hasn't stopped by casually on the way to someplace else. In consequence, Tasmanians, while polite, are persistently curious about the motives of travelers, particularly one such as I, who was a bit reluctant to admit he had come some 10,000 miles merely to look at an oddly named animal.

Jean Taranto is more or less professionally curious about visitors. She works variously as a wholesale travel agent, a publicist and a marketing specialist for tourist enterprises. A former BOAC stewardess, she settled in Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, because, she says, "There's no place nicer." Her forte, as she puts it, is "organizing things," parties, dinners, meetings between people who should know each other. "The American consulate uses me a bit for things of that nature," she says. It was because of this and an introduction from a mutual friend at the U.S. Embassy in Canberra, Australia's capital, that our paths crossed. In a seafood bar overlooking Hobart harbor she asked Sam and me what our business was and how she might advance it.

"Well, it's a kind of a free-form expedition," I replied. "Sam here is an apple grower in Pennsylvania, and he wants to do some research on your orchards."

The large, hairy young bloke in question was at that moment vigorously researching a sizable pile of Tasmanian crayfish. By temperament Sam is loud, iconoclastic, disrespectful, disputatious, observant and curious, all of which makes him a stimulating traveling companion. His occupation permits him occasionally to go off on eccentric quests to improbable places. Most important, because of his physique and a lot of rigorous on-the-job training, he's conditioned to pick up and lug very heavy things that his seniors find tedious and undignified to carry.

Tasmania is known as Apple Island because it used to produce most of Australia's apples and still grows about 25% of them. Therefore, though she hadn't previously met one, Jean didn't find a visiting pomologist implausible and didn't think organizing a tour of local orchards would be difficult.

"And yourself, Bil," she asked, getting on with it, "I'm told you're a journalist. Are you working on this trip?"

"Tell Ms. Taranto about it," Sam suggested maliciously, surfacing from a midden of crayfish parts. Because of my recent experiences with Australian consular, customs and immigration officials concerning "reason for visit," he was anticipating being entertained by the rest of the conversation.

"Well, quite often I write about natural history," I said, scrambling. "Tasmania is very interesting in that way—so many endemic species, parallel evolution and so forth."

Jean didn't get to know what nearly everybody in Tasmania is doing by being put off. "Of course," she said, "but what is it you'd like to see?"

There seemed no way to avoid the truth any longer. "There's a *lot* I'd like to see, the rain forest, wombats, platypuses," I said. "But I—or rather we, Sam and I—what we'd most like to meet is a Tasmanian devil."

"The little beast in the cartoons?" Jean whooped with surprise. "I have a friend in films you should meet."

I shook my head.

"I may be one of the few people in the English-speaking world who has never seen that cartoon," I said. "I never even knew it existed until my daughter told me a Tasmanian devil plays straight man to Bugs Bunny. No, it's the real animal we want to find, the one out in the bush."

Jean raised her eyebrows.

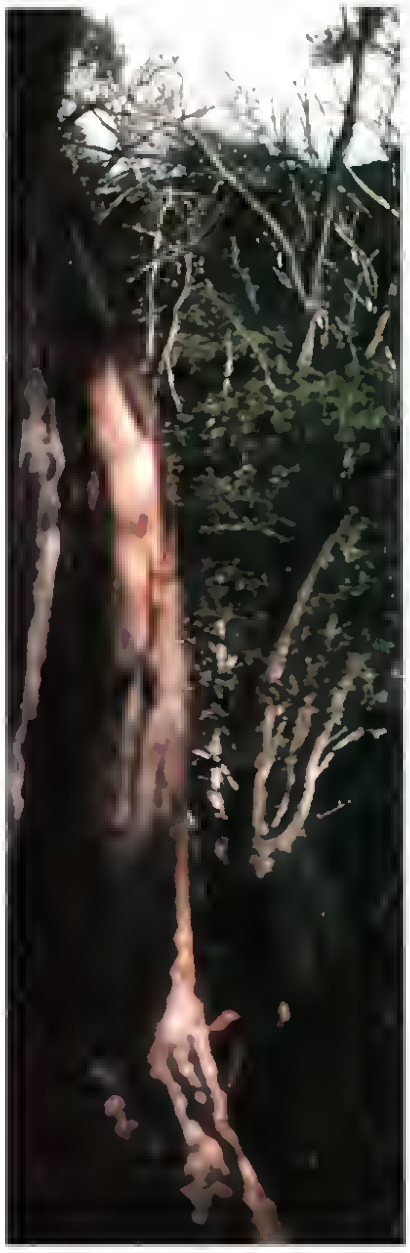
"It's really not all that weird an idea," I said. "Like kangaroos. I'll bet nearly every tourist who comes to Australia wants to see a kangaroo. You people advertise the hell out of them in your travel propaganda."

"We do, rather."

"My thing is about the same, only more specialized." I offered some disjointed biographical notes. Included was some digressive and gratuitous information on how and why to domesticate a badger. Also some confused mention of C.S. Lewis.

"Gorgeous," said Jean soothingly. "You explain it beautifully. Sometimes I'm so slow."

Jean Taranto isn't slow. Whether she had been persuaded of my interest in Tasmanian devils or had decided she could go along with a gag as well as anybody, she phoned the next day to say that she had an acquaintance who might be helpful, a young man named John Hamilton, a former journalist. A year or so before he and his wife had bought property on the coast, 60 miles south of Hobart. On part



It took three hours for Bil and Sam to traverse half a mile of undergrowth to their campsite.

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Hamilton demonstrates a devil's vise-like bite but Wright proves that it can be cuddly too

of it they had built a private zoo, to which they charged admission. Jean assumed that the Hamiltons had devils there, because the name of their enterprise was the Tasmanian Devil Park. I said it sounded like a good place to start. It would be well to take a look at the animals in confinement before we went thrashing around in the bush after feral ones.

The Hamiltons, we discovered, did have devils, a pair of yearlings that had been trapped by the Tasmanian wildlife service. During the daylight hours they crouched in the far corner of a fenced enclosure, glaring balefully at the cash customers. With a wry chauvinism, Tasmanians often claim that their devil is the ughest animal in the world. Esthetic judgments are subjective, but it's understandable why this one is commonly held. At a distance—from which devils look their best—they are merely undistinguished, being low-slung, stumpy creatures covered with jet black hair sometimes splashed with white blazes across the chest and rump. In conformation, they somewhat resemble an ill-formed bear cub or wolverine. Closer examination destroys these and other analogies. A Tasmanian devil doesn't look much like any other single species but rather like bits and pieces of several stuck together without regard for beauty, symmetry or function. My own first flash impression when John Hamilton gingerly presented one for inspection was *mutant!*—of the sort that might proliferate in the aftermath of a nuclear war.

For the devil's size—a large one is three feet long and weighs between 20 and 25 pounds—its head is enormous and would seem to fit better on a wolf or an alligator. For reasons to be considered shortly, the devil has evolved so that it's little more than a huge set of jaws set on a modest body. These jaws are studded with teeth that are not only exceptionally large but also numerous: a devil in good working order has 44 choppers, sometimes 46. A dog has 42, a cat 30. It isn't difficult to study this dentation. Somewhat like the python, the devil is so hinged as to be able to open its mouth very wide, and it does this often, being habitually slack-jawed and gapish. Also, it's a steady drooler.

The devil has prominent, almost hairless, batlike ears, small mean eyes, the long, coarse whiskers of a big rat and a piggish, dripping nose. Its body is lumpish, overlaid in maturity with heavy layers of fat. Its legs are bandy, with the rear ones giving the impression of being disproportionately long, lending a jacked-up appearance. The devil doesn't look to be—and isn't—agile or graceful. Its ordinary pace is a shamble. When it needs to move more rapidly, it lurches. Its tail is about a foot long, fat at the base, very nearly bare and pointed at the end like that of a snapping turtle. Unlike the tails of most mammals, it isn't as much a flexible appendage as it is a fixed extension of the body, hardly more waggable than a nose or an ear.

As with people, some animals—English bulldogs come to mind—are able to overcome ugliness with charming personalities. The Tasmanian devil isn't among these. Those who know the devil best claim that its behavior is more repugnant than its looks. Technically, the devil is a carnivore, but it isn't equipped to be a frequent or effective predator, and certainly not a bold or dashing one.

We met up with only one person in Tasmania who had directly observed a devil committing a true act of predation. This was a park ranger, Oliver Vaughn, who was based at an isolated station in western Tasmania. One winter when the snow cover had been deep, Vaughn's wife had begun feeding wildlife around the cabin. One morning a wallaby (the medium-sized kangaroo, about 3½ feet tall and weighing 42 pounds) was sitting upright in the snow, munching on a slice of bread when a devil lurched out from under the cabin and grabbed the wallaby. "He seized it by the throat," Vaughn recalls, "appeared to kill it immediately and commenced to bolt it down head first. The width and power of those jaws is remarkable. Normally a devil wouldn't be able to grapple a wallaby, but this wallaby was perhaps made unwary by its hunger or handicapped by the snow."

Ordinarily, devils are scavengers and—to give them their due—extremely effective ones. Keen senses of hearing and smell enable them to locate edibles quickly and almost anything they find they can grind up with their powerful jaws and teeth. Stockmen say that devils will completely consume a dead cow or sheep, eating bones, teeth, hooves and horns.

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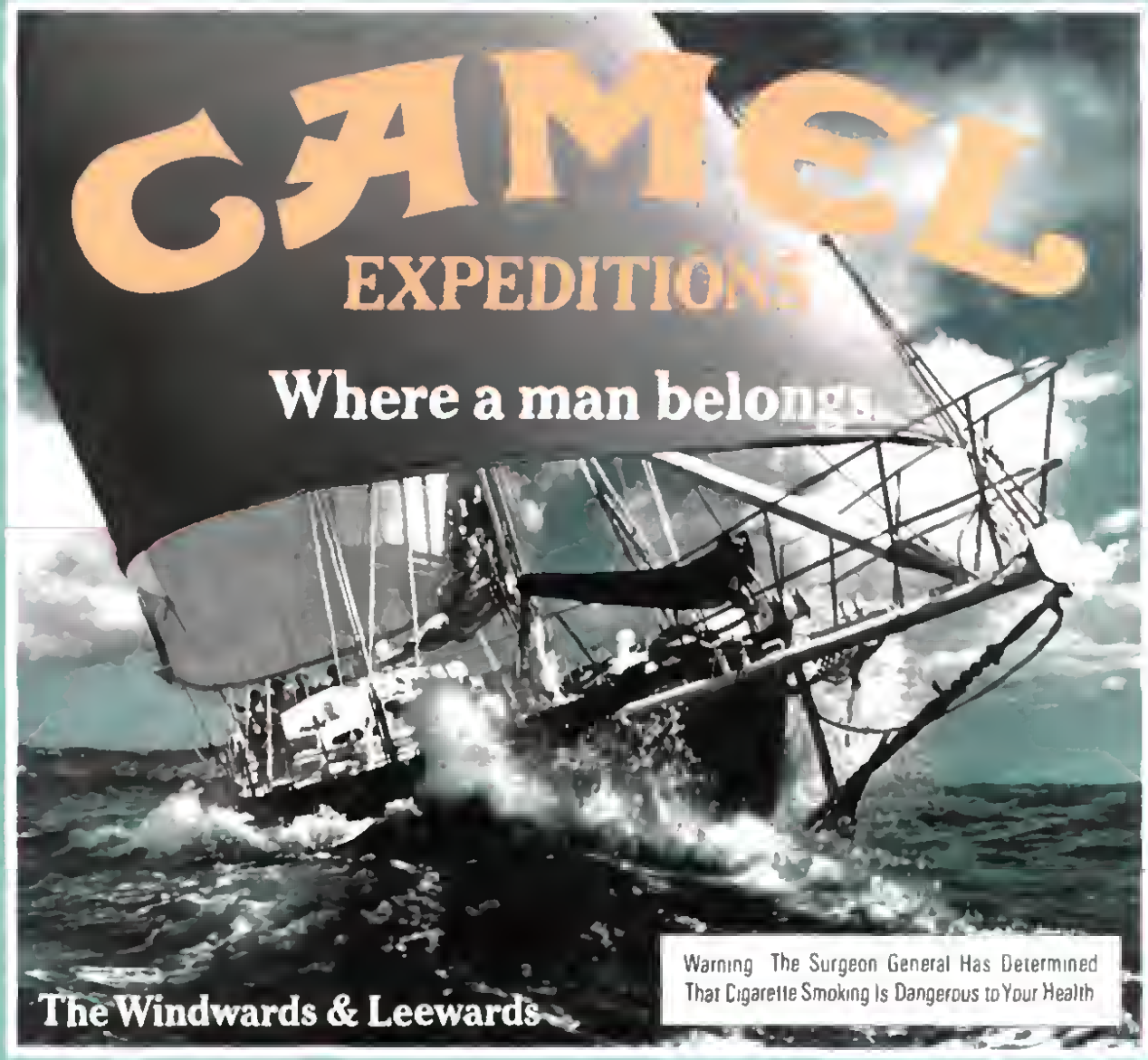

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Such scavenging feats aren't performed by a single animal but by groups of a dozen or more, although they don't travel in packs but are drawn one by one to carcasses. They behave like a brawling mob, having, so far as anyone knows, virtually no social organization or restraining instincts.

While not attack animals, devils will take living animals that are too young, old, enfeebled or immobile to escape them. In Tasmania there is a sizable commercial trade in the skins of wallabies and the silky furred native possums, and trappers have to get to their snares almost as soon as they are sprung to beat the devils to the catch. On one occasion, a sheep farmer on the northern part of the island brought his animals into a shearing shed with a slatted floor, underneath which, unbeknown to anyone, several devils were lurking. They weren't discovered and disposed of until several sheep whose feet had slipped through the slats had had their lower legs gnawed off.

Several times a day Hamilton puts on a "devil show" for the benefit of his customers. He enters the enclosure and gives a lecture on the devils' ferocious habits. Then, while making it clear that he's attempting something of some risk, he lures or teases one of the captives out of its corner and picks it up by its tail, which makes a convenient and safe handle, the animal being incapable of swiveling back to get at the hand that holds it. The devil thus held does the best it can, hissing, gasping, drooling and gnashing its teeth. Now and then it may give a wavering screech, a captive version of the wild, eerie call that gave the species its popular name. Before the first settlers were well acquainted with the screech's maker, the sound coming out of the hush struck them as being truly devilish. After seeing more of the animal, there seemed no reason to change the name. Hamilton's devil demonstration pleases his crowds, confirming their beliefs about the savagery of the beast.

Green, a zoologist, is the devils' advocate.

There is another private zoo in the northern part of Tasmania (usually called Tassie—pronounced Tazzie—by locals and other Australians), operated by Peter Wright, a former professional diver, and his wife. The Wrights also have devils that have been presented to them by the wildlife service, but they raise theirs by hand, more or less as pets. Their devil show involves finger-feeding the animals and picking them up and cuddling them, an act the animals tolerate pacifically. The Wrights's exhibition is also well received as a marvelous demonstration of handling a savage beast.

Devils aren't objects of general affection like the koala or the kangaroo, but Tasmanians are quite proud of them, partly because of the worldwide fame of the cartoon character. The feeling is that this is at least one thing the island is known for elsewhere. One result is that the devil is the best-publicized animal in Tasmania. Its head is incorporated in the insignia of the state park and wildlife service. T shirts bearing a caricature of a snarling devil (and the legend I AM A TASSIE DEVIL), devil drinking glasses, devil postcards and place mats, and even a Tasmanian devil board game—a version of Monopoly—are sold in gift shops.

Despite this exposure, many Tasmanians have never seen a living devil, except in the roadside zoos, and generally know as much about them as do people in Trenton, N.J. Most Tasmanians share an opinion held widely in the rest of the world—that their native scavenger is rare and perhaps on the verge of extinction. This is emphatically not the case. The Tasmanian wildlife service estimates that there may be a million devils on the island and, if anything, the population is growing too rapidly.

Tasmanians are as outdoorish as other people and at least as observant. The reason they seldom see and know so little about the devil is that the species is an extremely secretive one. It is thoroughly nocturnal, lying up in hollow trees or well-hidden dens during the day, and its coal-black coat, on which the white markings simulate shadow patterns, makes it all but invisible in the nighttime bush. Despite its ferocious appearance, it's a very shy animal, so shy that the aboriginal Tasmanians called it the Cow-

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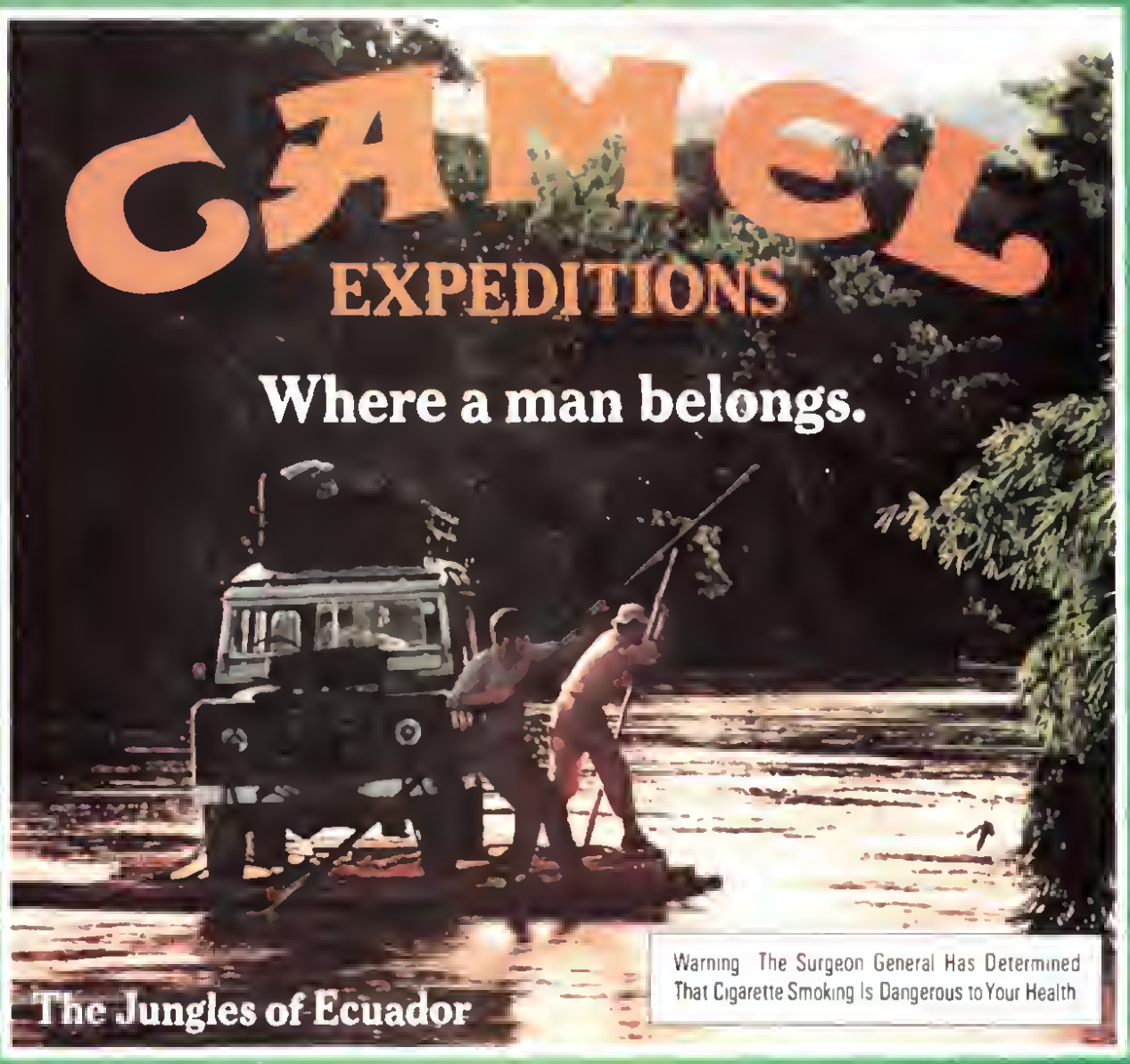
Hear the chef was right. Her plum slice was even better than her apricot delight.



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Unlike its scruffy North American relative, the ringtail possum of Tasmania has soft, velvety fur.

il, and then it's usually a matter of catching one of the animals briefly in headlight beams while driving at night through their pastures.

Digby doesn't despise the devil with the passion that American sheepmen feel toward coyotes. "They're more of a nuisance," he says. "They'll take occasional domestic fowl from their roosts. A neighbor lost a litter of good shepherd puppies—the bitch left them for an hour or so and the devils got them. But while some believe otherwise, I've never seen evidence of them killing a fit ewe or lamb. They'll take a weakened or dead animal and make very short work of it. By morning there'll be nothing left but the fleece and the plastic ear tags. We have a notion that they may well be of minor benefit, because they dispose of diseased stock so thoroughly and quickly. We trap to keep the numbers down a bit, on the chance that if they did become too numerous and hungry they might turn to lambs. But we have no desire to eliminate them. They are part of this country. I wouldn't like to think there were none about."

Digby and his family live in a 150-year-old house built of native sandstone that has turned tawny with age. It's surrounded by a garden nearly as old, in which there are flocks of brilliant wild parrots and, unfortunately, a small grove of apple trees, which caught Sam's attention. After what I felt was an interminable discussion about the diseases of apples, Digby returned to the main subject and made a telling comment

The wombat—short, chunky, shaped like a woodchuck—is another of Tasmania's many marsupials.

continued

ardly One. Its inclination is to hide when alarmed. Lumberjacks, trappers, hunters and game wardens say that while they often hear and smell the animal—along with everything else, devils stink because of glandular secretions and their line of work—they seldom see one.

The first person Sam and I met who had had much to do with feral devils was the owner of a sheep station in the Tasmanian midlands. His name was Digby, and eight generations of his family have lived and worked on the ranch. At present, Digby has 16,000 sheep and a good many devils, so many that the previous year the wildlife service permitted him to trap and destroy 50 of these normally protected animals. Even so, Digby and his sons say they may go a year or more between sightings of a free-roaming dev-

"The devils are rather unpleasant acting little beasts but perfectly harmless. I couldn't imagine them, for example, rushing out and savaging a man's leg. But there is another matter I sometimes think of. If I were to suffer an accident in the bush, go down and not be able to move, I'd be absolutely terrified of being found and taken by the devils."

Many of those who took an interest in our quest suggested that we talk to Robert Green, curator of zoology at the Queen Victoria Museum in Launceston, the second-largest city on the island, and author of an excellent guide to the mammals of Tasmania and of several monographs on the devil. Green showed no surprise at our purpose and, in fact, seemed to find it curious that he had met so few of our kind. "Marvelous, fascinating creatures," he said. "It's a pity we know so little about them."

Green, who's in his 50s, said that during his entire career he had observed wild, free-ranging devils on only five occasions. However, he has handled more of them than perhaps any other person,

continued

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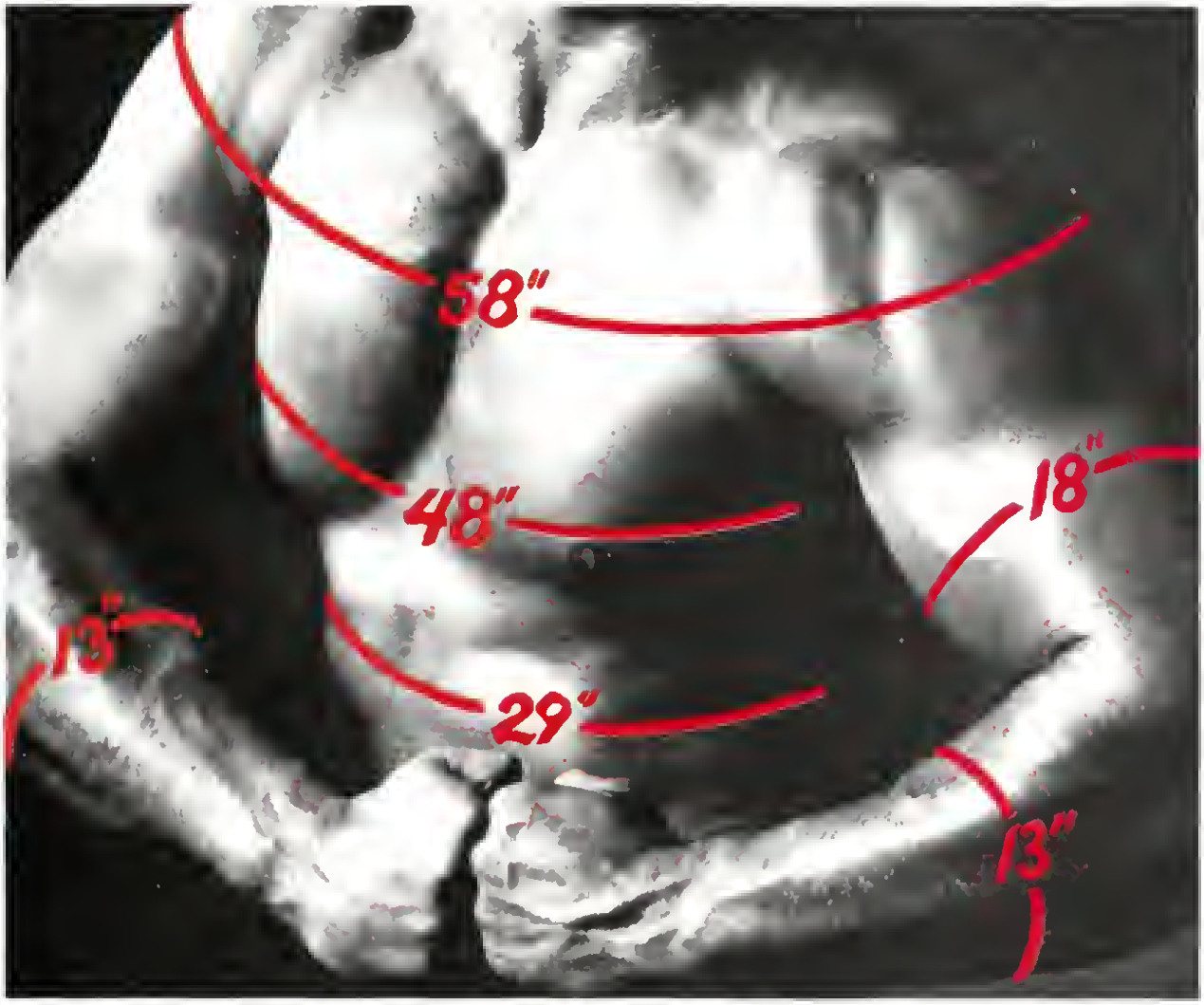

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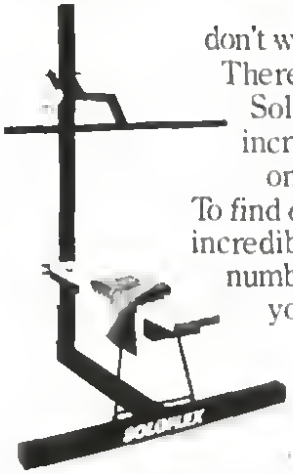

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having set up zoological shop at sheep stations where they were being trapped. There he examined and performed autopsies on their carcasses. He's particularly instructive about basic demonology, what the devil is physiologically and how it got that way.

Like many endemic Australian species, the devil is a marsupial, one of the order of pouched, non-placental mammals. Except for the New World possums and a few of their minor associates, marsupials are now found almost exclusively in Australia and on adjacent islands. In ancient times they were plentiful in both Americas, Asia and Europe. Marsupials seem to have originated on one of those continents, not Australia. Zoological conjecture is that they migrated Down Under some 70 million years ago, very likely from South America, across archipelagos that have since disappeared. They found the land empty of other mammals—probably for geological reasons, few species preceded or followed the marsupials to Australia—and in undisturbed isolation they put on an impressive display of radiation and parallel evolution. That is, they spread out ecologically, evolving so as to fill a number of functional niches which elsewhere are occupied by many orders of mammals. There are marsupials that look somewhat like deer and antelope (the kangaroos and wallabies), squirrels (the sugar gliders), woodchucks (the wombats), bears (the koalas), anteaters (numbats), lemurs (the cus cus) and many small ones that would pass as mice, rats and shrews. In prehistoric times there were cowlike marsupials and a marsupial lion.

One family of marsupials, the Dasyuridae, became carnivorous. It includes tiger cats and quolls, which are ferret-feline types, and the devil, which is thought to be an early, primitive model. The devil's maternal apparatus is, for example, rudimentary. Like all marsupials, devils give birth to what in placental creatures would be undeveloped embryos. Newborn devils are about the size of honeybees, but they have the capacity to crawl forward through the fur of their mother, to find and affix themselves to teats and to remain there for several months, growing as a placental infant would in the womb.

After their long postnatal journey, little devils aren't rewarded with deep, secure pouches such as kangaroos and other marsupials provide for their young. The devil's pouch is little more than a circular fold of skin with a central opening, almost like a shelf. As the young—usually four to a litter—grow, they hang out over this shelf and, as the mother lurches about the woods, are dragged behind, bumping along the ground. Occasionally, small devils that have fallen or been jolted out of the pouch are found, but most displaced infants are probably eaten by other devils, perhaps even by their mother. If ever there was a creature whose lousy adult personality can be excused on the grounds of a traumatic childhood, it's the devil.

Devils were once distributed throughout the Australian mainland, and from there migrated to Tasmania over a land bridge that periodically connected the two islands, the last time some 10,000 years ago. Subsequently, the species disappeared from the big island, possibly because it couldn't compete with the dingo, a true dog that became feral after being brought to Australia by aboriginal man. However, the devil thrived on Tasmania, which the dingo never reached, and was there in the early 1800s to startle the first white settlers. By the 1920s devils had become scarce, although human harassment wasn't considered a major factor in their decline. Green and other zoologists believe a distemper-type disease decimated the population. The species recovered from this epidemic and is now more numerous than ever before.

Even so, Green wasn't optimistic about being able to turn up a wild devil on short notice. Citing his *continued*

Bil and Sam began their quest in Hobart and ranged over a good part of Tasmania before spotting devils in the wild at Pencil Pine Lodge

continued

own experience, he reckoned that we were about as likely or unlikely to find a devil in one place as in another. This gave us an excuse to go wherever we chose on the island. Because we heard that Tasmania harbored a lot of other interesting things and because the pomologist-porter was getting soft and uppity from overindulgence in the hospitality of apple growers, we headed for the wilderness of the western highlands.

Though only about the size of West Virginia, Tasmania is a marvelously diverse place, topographically, meteorologically and biologically. It is ringed with hard, white, usually empty sand beaches and spectacular rocky headlands. The eastern half of the island is a pleasant place of rolling pastures, woodlots and pretty country villages. To the west is a complex of jagged mountains that rise 5,000 to 6,000 feet. These ranges are buffeted by strong, persistent winds, called the Roaring Forties because of the latitude, which boil up in Antarctic regions and sweep in from the Indian Ocean. Because of this mountain windbreak, the eastern, leeward half of Tasmania has a mild Mediterranean climate, sunny, frostless and dry. The higher elevations that intercept the Roaring Forties are very wet—with 100 inches of precipitation annually in some places—and frequently cold. Blizzards can occur even during the summer months of December, January and February.

The highlands are set with muskeg-like bogs, cold lakes, deep canyons, sizable caverns, swift rivers and one of the most extensive temperate rain forests on the planet. There are dense stands of eucalyptus, tree ferns, myrtle trees, leatherwood, dogwood and sassafras, the latter two species being related only in name to the North American ones.

Impressive as the upper stories of these forests are, the ground cover is of more concern—and agony—to anyone trying to cross the highlands. It's composed of dense, resilient masses of windfalls, mosses, ferns, bushes and vines. The popular names of some of these growths are very suggestive: tanglefoot, needle bush, grass tree, pencil pine, horizontal scrub.

On the first day out, having gained a high, bare, alpine ridge, we spotted a small tarn in the direction we were headed. It appeared to have a nice sandy beach and an open grove of pines, and it promised to be a good campsite. A narrow trail reached this pond by a circuitous two-mile route, but from where we were it was only half a mile or so directly down to the tarn and there seemed no reason not to cut cross-country. Only some heatherish-looking moorland and a few brushy ravines intervened.

Because of our peculiar interests and our penchant for poor planning, Sam and I have had considerable acquaintance with bad scrub—the laurel slicks of the southern Appalachians, the high manzanita and chaparral of the Mexican border, the Arctic barrens, the cockpit country of Jamaica—but we were unprepared for what grew in those Tasmanian ravines. Generally, it was of the consistency of chicken wire and barbwire uncoiled and piled up to a height of four or five feet. At first we tried forcing our way through, but this left Sam, leading the way, gasping and exhausted, which would have been acceptable as far as I was concerned except that after he had broken through a few feet of brush, it snapped back and was as solid as before. We tried walking on top of it, which worked for a few steps, but then something would give way and we would plunge down into vegetative crevices and caves. The other option was to stay below and crawl forward in tunnels made by wallabies and wombats, creatures much smaller than we.

In Bugs Bunny cartoons, the devil is a comic heavy

It took almost three hours to negotiate the half mile shortcut. When we reached the tarn we were bloody, bowed and convinced that we didn't want to do any more of that sort of thing. Thereafter we remained on the trails, grateful for the aborigines, lumberjacks, bushwalkers or whoever it was who had cut them.

There are no full-blooded aborigines left in Tasmania, the result of an evil matter that haunts this pleasant island. When the first white settlers arrived, some 5,000 aborigines were living there. They were a small, dark, primitive, innocent, pacific people, but the whites immediately began to hunt them, partly because they were a nuisance and partly, quite literally, for sport. Michael Howe, a 19th century bushranger-Robin Hood figure, said he liked "killing blackfellows better than smoking my pipe."

The last of the aborigines on Tasmania was a woman named Truganini, the daughter of a chief. At about 16 she was a great beauty and was betrothed to a young man named Paraweena. The couple and another native were traveling by canoe with two lumberjacks, Watkin Lowe and Paddy Newell, when Paraweena and the other man were overpowered by the lumberjacks. The two native men were thrown overboard, their hands were chopped off when they tried to climb back on board, and they were left to drown. Truganini was taken, often, by Lowe and Newell and subsequently passed among other whites. But she survived. As an old woman and sole remaining member of her race in Tasmania, she was kept as a curiosity in Hobart, where she died on May 8, 1876. As she was dying she begged of a physician, "Don't let them cut me up. Bury me behind the mountains." However, her skeleton, the bones strung together, rests today in a coffin-like box in the basement of a Hobart museum.

Tasmania was the only place where European settlers accomplished the Final Solution to their problem with native populations, although it was attempted

in Africa, Asia and especially the Americas. Truganini isn't an endemic Tasmanian ghost. She haunts the bushes of the Western world.

Tracts of the Tasmanian bush have never been explored on foot, and inevitably there are many stories about unknown things—animal, vegetable and mineral—that may be hidden in there. The most persistent speculation concerns the Thylacine, whose scientific name (*Thylacinus cynocephalus*) has become the common one for the animal sometimes called the Tasmanian Tiger or Wolf. Whether it still exists is a matter of conjecture, both popular and zoological, somewhat like that having to do with the Sasquatch in Oregon. The difference is that whatever their current status, Thylacines indisputably once did exist and were fairly common in Tasmania—but only there.

The Thylacine was (to arbitrarily use the more conservative tense) another marsupial carnivore, about the size of a small German shepherd and of generally doglike appearance. It had a stiff tail, like that of the devil, and a broadly striped back suggestive of the tiger. Thylacines were true predators. Their habit was to pick up the trail of a kangaroo or wallaby and stay on it until they exhausted the speedier animal. After the white settlers arrived, Thylacines became at least occasional sheep killers and several thousand of them were rubbed out by bounty hunters. By the 1920s they had become extremely rare and shortly thereafter invisible, if not extinct. The last incontestably living Thylacine died in the Hobart Zoo in the mid-1930s.

Since then, organized searches have been mounted, but nobody has found a living Thylacine or produced a carcass, partial remains or a photograph of one. Nevertheless, in almost every country pub in western Tasmania there's a bloke who, if he hasn't personally met a Thylacine, has a mate who has found Thylacine tracks or shot one of the critters and chopped it up for lobster bait. At the other end of the same bar there is invariably a bloke who laughs at this as pure grog talk and will say that if there were Thylacines, he would have found them and made his fortune by guiding parties of bloody environmentalists to them.

Among the wild stories, there are

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enough plausible ones to have convinced many wildlife authorities that the question of the Thylacine's existence is still open. Green is optimistic that they've survived. He believes that hunting eliminated them from open areas and drove the remaining Thylacines back into the inaccessible bush, where they were further reduced by a disease similar to that which ravaged the devils. He says he has recently been receiving what he believes to be valid reports of Thylacine signs and thinks the animal may be making a recovery, but a slower one than that of the devil, because the Thylacines were less numerous to begin with and more widely dispersed by human harassment.

Green also points out that devils often associated with Thylacines, serving as jackals to their tigers. If there are still Thylacines, they are probably still being followed by devils. This may account for the lack of Thylacine remains, the scavengers presumably being as able to munch up a defunct Thylacine as anything else. We had formed a good opinion of Green's opinions—as well as one of our own about the Tasmanian bush, to the effect that it could hide anything up to the size of a rhinoceros. We saw no harm in looking about alertly for Thylacines. None showed up, but the possibility that they might entertained us as it does most Tasmanian bushwalkers.

Aside from three native snakes, all venomous, a variety of sluggish but mildly annoying bush flies, the devil and perhaps the Thylacine, Tasmania may have the best-looking and best-behaving wildlife in the world. There can be few better ways to commence a day than to awaken at dawn and find oneself being politely scrutinized by a wallaby with a joey peering brightly out of her pouch.

Nearly all the Tasmanian beasts are nocturnal or crepuscular, which accounts for their general look of wide-eyed innocence, and it's all but impossible to trail them to the lairs in the deep bush where they sleep during the day. Also, it's pointless. All that's necessary is to set up camp early, get the evening's cooking out of the way, find a smooth peppermint tree for a back rest and wait for the nice beasts to drop by. They start doing so about dusk in a very unshy way.

Pademelons look like miniature kangaroos but may be windup toys from F.A.O. Schwarz. Wombats are about the size and shape of furry medicine balls with facial expressions like those of elderly academics. Ringtails are velvety-furred lemur-faced raccoon-sized possums that hang by their tails from trees and make chirpy cooing sounds. Bandicoots are rabbity creatures with very long pointed, bewhiskered, inquisitive faces. When pursued they hop about as if on pogo sticks, and they probably retire to C.S. Lewis' Narnia during the day.

The quoll may be the prettiest, most winsome animal in creation. It's cat-sized, with a bright foxy face and a fluffy tail. Its coat is a golden tawny color sprinkled with large white polka dots. Usually in pairs, quolls whisk about a camp and frequently sit up like prairie dogs to make chittering inquiries about the leftover noodle situation. As a matter of taxonomical fact, quolls are marsupial carnivores like the devil. When not charming tourists, they are holy terrors in regard to small mammals and birds and have some feeding and maternal habits that might make even a devil blush. However, such is the appeal of a nice face and figure that quolls are universally thought to be admirable animals.

In comparison with the wildlife that exists in most other places, Tasmanian beasts are so bizarre and appealing that sitting by a campfire watching them hop, scoot, amble and swing in and out of the dark bush gives one an odd sense of being in a parade of characters out of Lewis Carroll or Dr. Seuss. The classic example of this is the platypus, the believe-it-or-not creature—body of an otter, bill of a duck, feet of a beaver, venom of a rattlesnake, lays eggs like a bird but suckles its young—that has become the universal grade-school metaphor for the mysterious ways of nature.

Like a good many residents from places other than Tasmania, we arrived convinced that platypuses must be exceedingly rare and that they would be kept in guarded sanctuaries available only to the better class of Nobel laureates. We were soon informed that the animals are common and, though protected, go about their business in an unsupervised way in many of the island's lakes and rivers. This didn't change our original opinion, because to us the phrase "common platypus" seemed a contradiction in terms. It's not logical to expect to come across such a weird animal as readily as one might a muskrat.

Yet one evening we were sitting on a pile of driftwood above a small lake listening to the currawongs—an attractive Tasmanian crow that has a nice evening song—and waiting for the bandicoots to arrive when, without ceremony or fanfare, first one platypus and then another surfaced in the water below us. They floated unconcernedly under our dangling feet, looking just as weird as advertised. When they departed, Sam said in a

continued

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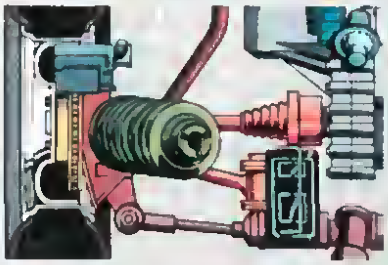

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very flat, matter-of-fact way, "Do you know what just happened? Two guys from Adams County, Pennsylvania sat under a gum tree by a billabong and two platypuses paddled past. I absolutely do not believe it."

It would seem that the sighting of two platypuses, to say nothing of seeing kangaroos, wallabies, pademelons, wombats, possums, bandicoots, quolls and currawongs, would be sufficient, but the wants of animalholics are insatiable, and there remained the matter of the devil. Almost daily while in the bush, we found scats and tracks of our quarry. Given their numbers and the cover available to them, we may well have walked close by dozens of snoozing devils. However, our closest known encounter with any of them came late one night when at least two devils commenced screaming in a dense thicket of Antarctic beech bushes, squabbling, for all we knew, over a Thylacine kill. In the devil's call there are elements of a bobcat's screech, a large dog being strangled and the cry of a man who has just smashed his thumb with a hammer. The blending is unique, and when the sound wells up out of the midnight hush, it is much more impressive than when prodded out of a young captive animal. The quality is such as to make it understandable why, when they heard it in a new, strange land at the far end of the earth, the first settlers thought something much spookier and more evil than a medium-sized scavenger was lurking in Tasmania.

On our way into the mountains we had stopped by a small lodge located in an isolated clearing on the Pencil Pine River, six or seven miles from the ranger station at Cradle Mountain National Park. We had been told that the operators of this place put out their kitchen and table scraps in a clearing and that in the evenings a good many animals, including an occasional devil, fed there. This proved to be the case, but the day we arrived we were too early for the garbage show and, worse, too late in the day for a meal. However, after some cajoling, a makeshift "tea" was provided. It was an ordinary meal, but it was followed by a truly outstanding dessert, a concoction of pastry, apricots and whipped cream. I carried on about its goodness until its maker, a talkative and talented woman named Fleur, came out of the kitchen. Fleur said she had cooked all over Australia and had taken the position at the country lodge while waiting for a gentleman friend to make arrangements for her to start her own restaurant in Launceston. She said she had had a hard but independent life and had never lived in a slum nor let any man treat her like an old rag. Despite everything and being 64 years old, many people mistook her for 45, because she dressed and groomed herself modern. She apologized for the leftover food at tea and promised that if we were ever in the area again she could do much better.

I said that I bet she could and that as a matter of fact we were planning on returning in a week or so. Fleur said she did a nice rabbit in wine with a pumpkin casserole on the side. I said that sounded like a winner, especially if followed by some apricot delight. Fleur said, "If I do sigh so meself, me plum slice is a bit nicer."

I said plum slice it should be, and that unless we became hopelessly continued

The appealing little pademelon looks like a windup kangaroo one might buy for a child in a toy store

Although it's a fierce carnivore, the diminutive quoll is as appealing as the devil is repulsive

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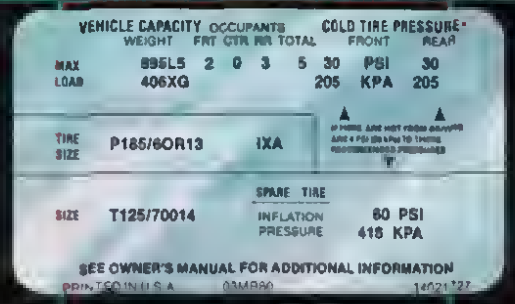

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entangled in the horizontal scrub, we would be back to try it and look for devils. We were able to do both. The rabbits and the pumpkins justified Fleur's confidence, and though I would have bet heavily against it, the plum slice indeed topped the apricot delight. Laying in some reserve rations of the sweet, we went outside and began poking around in the underbrush between the lodge and the Pencil Pine River. At dusk a kitchen helper dumped several large cans of scraps in the usual clearing, and soon there were 50 or so wallabies, pademelons, possums, quolls and tiger cats (a slightly larger, stouter and less attractive version of the quoll) feeding on them. A half-dozen lodge guests came out to watch these creatures, and there was considerable loud talk to the effect that if everybody found a safe place and was very quiet, a devil might show up and do vicious things to wallabies. However, the wait proved long and boring, and after half an hour or so, the crowd dispersed. Sam and I were left sitting on eucalyptus stumps with flashlights, watching the moonlit garbage pile. About 11 p.m. the feeding animals became noticeably uneasy and drew back, and a devil, looking at first like a heavy, blobby shadow, arrived.

Overtly, the animal wasn't much different from those we had seen in the roadside zoos. However, a feral creature, even if it's only munching away on the remains of fricasseed rabbit, is always more satisfying to observe than one whose activities are restricted by captivity. The difference is somewhat the same as the difference between watching Lou Gehrig play first base and watching Gary Cooper play Lou Gehrig playing first base.

Standing knee-deep in the trash, the devil buried its nose in it and steadily crunched away, occasionally clacking its teeth and making grunting, choking sounds. After it had settled in, the other animals moved back, without showing much concern for the living garbage Disposall in their midst. There followed an interesting behavioral vignette. Why it occurred is inexplicable. Despite all man's science and curiosity, the inner life of other bloods is more mysterious to us than the workings of the solar system; professional jargon tends to obscure facts, and we therefore describe things

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analogously, in anthropomorphic terms. With this qualification, what appeared to occur at the garbage pile was as follows.

A stout possum moved alongside the devil and turned to stare at it directly and deliberately. It was as if a decent citizen had entered a rough bar purposely to outface a notorious bully. The devil raised its big head until the noses of the two animals were almost touching and stared back in a puzzled way, as if trying to remember or figure out a formula for dealing with impudent possums. After holding its ground for a minute or so, the possum was satisfied, or perhaps grew bored with the confrontation, and moved off several feet and recommenced feeding. The devil held the same position and continued to stare at the spot where the possum had stood. Then, rather suddenly, it seemed to come up with the answer to its problem, something to the effect of "Ah yes, what I am is a ferocious Tassie devil. I act savagely."

Thereupon the devil emitted a fairly savage squall, chomped its teeth and wheeled in a staggering pivot toward the possum, which long before this awkward movement was completed, leaped up onto a post. The other browsers did the same, swarming into trees and bushes, whence they studied the devil, which stood shaking its head dumbly. The incident suggested that the devil had some predatory inclinations, of which the possums, wallabies and quolls were aware. But they also seemed to recognize that the physical and intellectual limitations of the beast made it not much more dangerous than a falling tree.

The devil began feeding again, but after about 15 minutes stopped and abruptly lurched back into the bush, from which, almost immediately, there issued thrashing and caterwauling sounds. When they subsided, a second, larger devil emerged. Perhaps because it had become habituated to humans by eating their garbage, or because it didn't recognize or care what we were, or for reasons we wouldn't recognize as reasons, it walked directly to Sam and me, sniffed our boots slowly and then stared dully at our upper parts.

This animal may have routed the smaller one we had seen, but there had obviously been other battles in which it had been a loser, or only a Pyrrhic victor. One flank was scored with a deep, partly healed, suppurating wound. It had lost an eye and was left with a socket of knotted weeping scar tissue, which twisted its face hideously. It wheezed. Its jaws hung open. Its muzzle was covered with mucous, and its odor was rank.

Nevertheless, this was an extremely satisfying animal, in part because it was a trophy representing the successful conclusion to a considerable quest. The best thing about it was that it was completely and convincingly another blood, known for a brief moment more intimately than we thought we would ever in our lives know one of its kind.

C.S. Lewis expressed theological observations ecologically and vice versa. He was of the opinion that we seek other bloods not out of curiosity about their what-hath-God-wrought peculiarities but because we have a desperate need to know and recognize them as our peers and are delighted and comforted by innocent association with other of God's creatures. Lewis thought that since the Fall of Man we have been tempted and seduced by clever but fallacious arguments that we have been set above the rules and rhythms of nature and charged with dominating it. To the extent that we have accepted that proposition—that man is the unnatural animal—we have been made the loneliest of animals, confused about our origins and divorced from the company of our peers. However, our persistent yearning for other bloods is evidence that we haven't completely succumbed to hubris and that we continue to resist dangerous claims about our superiority. Lewis' conception is an elegant, comprehensive statement of the web-of-life, we-are-all-in-this-together thesis currently well thought of nowadays by pop ecologists.

By and by, the battered devil, finding us either unsavory or unfathomable, turned away and satisfied its blood by scavenging garbage. Shivering in the midnight cold, we watched until it had finished and departed, feeling, as questing beasts, fulfilled in our blood. END

As a devil (rear) looks on, a quoll stalks rabbit fricassee back of the lodge on the Pencil Pine River.

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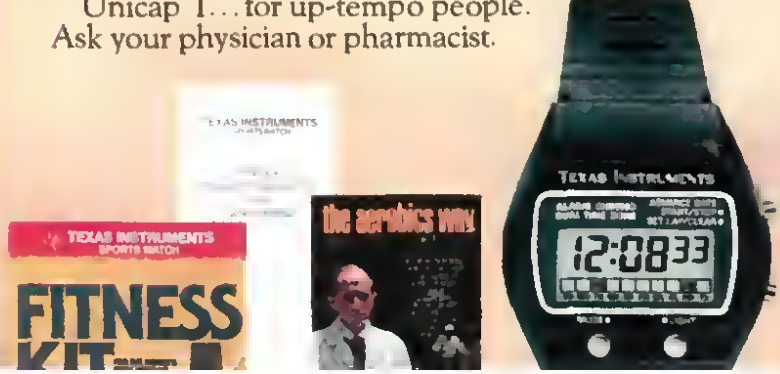

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 21-27

Compiled by ALEXANDER WOLFF

BOXING—LUPE PINTOR retained his WBC bantamweight title with a 15th round knockout of Shinzo Hiromi Tetsuya Nagoya, Japan.

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD scored an 11th round TKO over Jerry Martin to retain his WBC light heavyweight title in Atlantic City.

PRO FOOTBALL—The season's fourth Sunday was a time of affairs. Philadelphia Coach Dick Vermeil called on his nephew Louie Giammona in an effort to find a replacement for star Halfback Wilbert Montgomery, who was sidelined with a hamstring injury. Giammona gained 49 yards on the ground and three catches and scored two TDs as the undefeated Eagles rolled up 22 fourth quarter points and handed winless Washington a 36-13 loss. Another coach, Miami's Don Shula, couldn't call on his wide receiver son Dave—because the elder Shula's Dolphins were busy dealing the younger Shula's Baltimore Colts a 31-28 defeat. It was the first time in NFL history that a father had coached against his son's team. Cleveland Coach Sam Rutigliano and Atlanta Coach Leeman Bennett aren't related, but they must be getting very familiar with each other. Bennett's NFC All Stars beat Rutigliano's AFC All Stars in the 1981 Pro Bowl, and Rutigliano beat Bennett when the Browns and Falcons met in this August's Hall of Fame Game. In the coaches' third meeting of the year, Rutigliano went one up, getting two TD passes and a nine yard scoring jaunt from Brian Sipe in a 28-17 win. And Denver Coach Dan Reeves kept Quarterback Craig Morton, his old teammate in Dallas, at the controls in the Broncos' 42-24 drubbing of San Diego. In the first half alone Morton responded with four scoring passes and Denver's league-leading defense held the potent Charger offense to 113 yards. Pittsburgh's Terry Bradshaw hit Lynn Swann with a 24-yard TD pass in sudden death to give the Steelers a 27-21 win over New England. Cincinnati trounced Buffalo 27-24 despite loss in OT, when Jim Breech booted a 28 yard field goal. Jets Coach Walt Michaels, who spent the week fending off reporters and fans who called for his firing, got a vote of confidence from team President Jim Kensel. That buoyed Michaels and the Jets, as Richard Todd's passing—25 of 39 for 312 yards, no interceptions and three TDs—led a 33-17 victory over Houston. Oakland suffered its first shutout since 1966, 16-0 to Detroit. Elsewhere: Dallas' 35-21 victory over New England on Monday night turned back the Cowboys' 18-10 Minnesota thumped Green Bay 30-13 as Tommy Kramer threw for two scores; Tampa Bay, which had just cut veteran Kicker Garo Yepremian, unveiled rookie Bill Capece, whose two field goals helped defeat St. Louis 20-10; Kansas City subdued Seattle 20-14; and San Francisco drowned New Orleans 21-14.

GOLF—MORRIS HATALSKY fired a nine-under-par 275 to win the $250,000 Hall of Fame Classic in Pinehurst, N.C., beating Jerry Pate and D.A. Weibring by two shots.

EDI PDEGRAEF of Tucson won the U.S. Senior Amateur title in Seattle, defeating Dale Morey of High Point, N.C., 2 and 1 in the final match.

HARNESS RACING—IAN HANOVER ($5.60) Glen Garrison—his sulky defeated New York Motoring by 1½ lengths in a race-off to win The Little Brown Jug, the third leg of the Triple Crown for 3 year old pacers. The winner, the first filly ever to win the event, covered the distance, mile at the Delaware (Ohio) County Fairgrounds, in 1:58⅘.

HORSE RACING—ISLAND WHIRL ($16.60) Laffit Pincay Jr. up, beat Slumming by 2½ lengths to win the $500,000 Super Derby at Louisiana Downs. The 3 year old colt covered the 1¼ miles in 2:03 1, a track record.

MOTOR SPORTS—JACQUES LAFFITE, at an aging 38, 300 mph in a Talbot, won the Canadian Grand Prix in Montreal by 6.2 seconds over John Watson, who drove a McLaren. Laffite covered the 63 laps of the 2.74-mile course in 2:01:25.2.

DARRELL WALTRIP won the Old Dominion 500 in a Buick, averaging 70.089 mph on the .525 mile Martinsville (Va.) Speedway oval and finishing .78 seconds ahead of Harry Gant, who drove a Buick.

ROAD RACING—SYDNEY MARLE won the first Fifth Avenue Mile in New York City, covering the distance in 3:47.52 and finishing more than two seconds ahead of Mike Boit. LEANN WARREN won the women's race in 4:25.31 (*page 10*).

SOCCER—On shootout goals by Karl-Heinz Granitza and Rudi Glenn, the Chicago Sting scored a 1-0 victory over the Cosmos in the Soccer Bowl in Toronto (*page 70*).

SQUASH—Australia's STEVEN BOWDITCH won the world title in Jönköping, Sweden, beating New Zealand's Craig Blackwood 3-9, 7-9, 9-4, 9-3, 9-3.

TENNIS—In a $75,000 Grand Prix tournament in Geneva, BJORN BORG beat Tomas Smid 6-4, 6-3.

TRACY AUSTIN defeated Mary [illegible] 6-3 to win a $75,000 tournament in [illegible].

MILEPOSTS—ACQUIRED By the San Diego [illegible] from the Green Bay Packers: Wide Receiver AUSTIN THOMPSON, 28, and one first round and two second round choices between 1982 and 1984. The transaction completes the trade that sent the Chargers to the Packers for Wide Receiver John Jefferson, who agreed to terms with Green Bay last week.

ACQUITTED By a state district court jury in Albuquerque of six counts of fraud and six of filing false public vouchers: former University of New Mexico Assistant Basketball Coach JOHN WILLIAMSON, 38. The charges stemmed from a 1979 investigation of recruiting and financial aid at New Mexico.

RESCINDED By The Athletics Congress with the approval of the IAAF, the so-called contamination rule that jeopardized the eligibility of amateurs competing with professionals in track and field and road racing events. The rule will continue to affect foreign athletes competing in the U.S.

SIGNED By the Los Angeles Rams, free agent Quarterback DAN PASTORINI, 32, who was released by the Oakland Raiders in August. Terms of the contract were not disclosed.

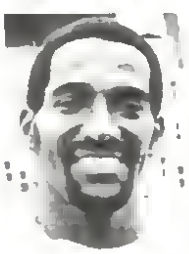
SURRENDERED By newly crowned WBA welterweight champion SUGAR RAY LEONARD, 25, the WBA junior middleweight title he won from Ayub Kalule on June 25. The WBA prohibits a boxer from retaining two of its titles simultaneously.

DIED BOBBY GRAYSON, 66, an All America halfback who led Stanford to three straight Rose Bowl appearances from 1933 to 1935, of complications during heart surgery in Bellevue, Wash.

CREDITS

24-28—Peter [illegible]; **27 29**—Richard Mackson; **30**—Steve Ross; **31**—Mary Wells; **32**—Tony Tomsic; **33**—[illegible]; **34**—[illegible]; **39**—Ben Liebenson; **40 41**—Peter Tenzer; **42**—[illegible]; **46**—[illegible]; **60**—[illegible]; **63**—[illegible]; **64**—[illegible]; **70, 73**—[illegible]; **74 75**—[illegible]; **78 77**—[illegible]; **78 80**—[illegible]; **82**—[illegible]; **85**—[illegible]; **88**—[illegible]; **92**—[illegible]; **96**—[illegible]; **70-96**—[illegible]; **101**—[illegible].

FACES IN THE CROWD



ALAN HILL
Iowa Wesleyan

Hill, a 6'1", 175-pound senior safety, returned four interceptions 159 yards to lead DePauw to a 31-7 win over St. Norbert. He also ran back two kickoffs for a total of 79 yards. Hill was the NCAA Division III pole vault titlist last spring.

NIURKA SODUPE
Miami

Niurka, 12, the USTA's 36th-ranked 12-and-under girl at the start of the year, was second in her age group's hard-court nationals, losing in the finals to Stephanie Rehe 6-2, 6-3, and won the clay courts, beating No. 1 Kerri Reiter 6-3, 6-1.

TOM KAFKA
Monsey, N.Y.

Tom, a sophomore at Campolindo High, won three gold medals at the junior swimming nationals in Mission Viejo, Calif., the 200-meter breaststroke (2:24.73) and the 200 (2:09.55) and 400 (4:35.41) individual medleys.

JACK HARBIN
[illegible]

DALE SMITH
[illegible]

Harbin, a 72-year-old retired purchasing agent, and Smith, a 63-year-old retired tool and die maker, and Harbin's playing partner, fired consecutive holes in one on the 157-yard, par 3 8th hole of the Chippendale Golf Course in Kokomo. It was the second lifetime ace for Harbin, who shot first with a 3-wood and finished with a round of 87. Smith, a former resident of Kokomo, used a five-iron to nail his first hole-in-one ever and had an 85 on the par-71 course.

VICKY OAVIS
[illegible]

Vicky, a senior at Woodrow Wilson High, won the AAU-USA Junior Olympic title in the girls' 400-meter run with a clocking of 55.33 and placed third in the 200 with a 24.57. As a junior she ran a 54.86 400, a girls' state high school record.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

ACID PRECIPITATION

Sir:

When I was a little younger, I looked to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for its glossy photographs of my athletic idols. Today I'm glad you concentrate on more than games. Robert H. Boyle's article (*An American Tragedy*, Sept. 21) is another in a long line of cogent SI reports concerning environmental issues that affect us all—athletes, laborers, artists and, though they may not realize it, businessmen and politicians. Boyle's essay, though environmentally biased, is thorough and fair in stressing the serious problems associated with acid precipitation. Thank you for having more substance than mere sports statistics.

MARK C. AUSTIN
Draper, Utah

Sir:

Robert H. Boyle's article was a masterpiece. It's a shame the large utilities and manufacturers don't take the money they spend on propaganda arguing that acid precipitation is little or no problem and use it instead to devise ways to reduce the amount of sulfur dioxide they're spewing into our environment.

The present Administration seems downright indifferent to the acid-rain calamity. With James F. McAvoy nominated to the Council on Environmental Quality (SCORECARD, Aug. 10) and with Budget Director David A. Stockman's apparent lack of concern for the problem, the Federal Government will be contributing nothing to solving it. I hope this article stirs people into action and prevents this worldwide problem from being put on the back burner. Keep these informative, hard-hitting articles coming.

TOM GRISWOLD
Madison, Wis.

Sir:

As one who teaches economics, I was especially interested in David Stockman's use of marginal analysis to justify a policy that would continue to allow firms to pump pollutants into the atmosphere. Such an approach implies that all the social costs associated with acid precipitation are known and measurable, which they are not. His analysis also ignores a more fundamental economic principle. Users of resources, such as industrial firms, should pay *all* costs associated with their actions, including non-market social costs. The use of selected economic principles to justify the status quo is indeed sloppy economics. I give Stockman a D.

DAVID S. MOEWES
Assistant Professor of Economics
Concordia College
Moorhead, Minn.

Sir:

I'd like to compliment SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Robert H. Boyle for the fine article on acid precipitation, or acid rain, as it's more popularly known. At a time when Congress faces a protracted battle over the reauthorization of the Clean Air Act, a well-reasoned study such as Boyle's is a welcome addition to the public dialogue.

An enormous gap exists between the rhetoric and the reality of the Administration's environmental policies, particularly regarding the acid-rain issue. In August, the Environmental Protection Agency released a broad set of "principles" on the Act, purporting to be a continuation of the progression toward cleaner air. However, the latest indications are that the Administration is intent on providing no resolution to the acid-rain problem. The Administration's most recent draft proposal, in fact, actually calls for easing the emission standards on new coal-fired power plants. This would further exacerbate the acid-rain dilemma.

Hearings are scheduled in Congress on the acid-rain issue in early October. Public opinion polls continue to show overwhelming support for the government's role as protector of the environment. Clearly, Congress' role is to keep this issue in the public eye and ensure that acid rain is not ignored in the coming Clean Air Act debate. There is no mandate for the Administration's retreat from safeguarding air quality.

EDWARD J. MARKEY (D-Mass.)
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

While your effort to keep the public informed about acid rain is commendable, your call to strengthen the Clean Air Act is likely to fall on deaf ears in the Reagan Administration. As an attorney at EPA, I have found that the agency's new leadership isn't even interested in the recommendations of its own staff regarding legislation to amend the act. That should tell you how much they will heed the editorial position of a sports magazine, no matter how influential it may be. One can only hope that certain key members of Congress, such as Senator Robert T. Stafford (R-Vt., Chairman of the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee) and Representative Henry A. Waxman (D-Calif., Chairman of the House Energy and Commerce Subcommittee on Health and Environment), will have sufficient backbone and wherewithal to improve the Clean Air Act, rather than relax it.

ELLIOTT J. GILBERG
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Robert H. Boyle makes a rather compelling argument for action to curtail acid precipitation. However, it seems to me that environmentalists have hurt themselves in two respects. First, by demanding too much too quick. They have documented adverse trends that have taken years to build, but instead of recommending long-range programs to reverse those trends, they agitate to have everything corrected—in fact, overcorrected—immediately, regardless of the cost to the already overburdened public or of the loss of production or jobs.

Second, there are too many groups, each of which is dedicated to a particular portion of the environment, that present the situation in their area of interest as a "life or death" emergency. They have cried "Wolf! Wolf!" so many times with minimum cause that when Boyle really sees the wolf, many people do not pay attention.

HARRY CANTEY
Kingston, Tenn.

Sir:

What the hell is going on with your magazine? I spend my hard-earned bucks on SI in the hope of getting some interesting sports articles, but no, you put in a 14-page article on some damn lake that's polluted! The cover of your Sept. 21 issue says SPORTS ILLUSTRATED not *Field & Stream*. I'm getting sick and tired of your putting sportless articles in the magazine. I mean, who reads that? Who? Tell me.

BARRY BROCK
Maricopa, Ariz.

MAC

Sir:

Thank you for giving John McEnroe the credit he has always deserved (*Another Big Mac Attack*, Sept. 21). By beating Bjorn Borg in three major-championship finals in a row—in the last two U.S. Opens and the 1981 Wimbledon championship—he has shown who is the superior player.

The behavior of the fans at Flushing Meadow, however, was far more disgraceful than any McEnroe outburst I've ever seen. I was at the Open final last year and heard the rude New York crowd cheer when McEnroe double-faulted and remain silent when he made an incredible shot. These boorish New York fans who consider themselves tennis experts are the same ones who applaud Borg for his gentlemanly conduct and mild manner.

I strongly suggest that the Flushing crowd get its act together or the Open be moved to a more deserving city next year. We in New York should be proud that the world's greatest tennis player comes from nearby Douglaston.

continued

1981 U.S. Gov't Report:

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL MEMPHIS, TENN.

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SCOTT COLESANTI
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Sir,

I agree that Bjorn Borg doesn't seem to have the total game necessary to beat McBrat on a hard court, but such an exemplary player and sportsman as Borg deserves to be written about with more respect. Frank Deford also failed to mention a factor that may have hindered Borg's play against McEnroe and prevented him from appearing at the awards ceremony—namely, the threats that were made on his life.

PIERR JOHNSON JR.
Iowa City, Iowa

Sir:

John McEnroe is good at the net, but in my opinion Bjorn Borg has the game's best passing shots. And anyone who has a match with the still great Jimmy Connors has to come down some the next day. To me and many others, Borg is still No. 1.

KARL MCDONNELL
Hampton, Va.

Sir:

As much as it pains me to write this, I must respectfully submit that Wimbledon and U.S. Open champion John McEnroe is the best candidate for SI's 1981 Sportsman of the Year award.

JOHN NAGLE
Gaithersburg, Md.

LEONARD-HEARNS

Sir:

SI's prefight insights into the Sugar Ray Leonard-Thomas Hearns showdown (*Sugar Should Frost Him*, Sept. 14) are evidence that you truly do publish the best magazine in any land. The drawings that accompanied your preview of the fight are almost identical to the AP Laserphotos of the bout that appeared in my local newspaper. In fact, one picture of Leonard slipping a Hearns jab is astonishingly close to artist Bart Forbes' depiction in your magazine. Also, it's great that you could show me a picture of my favorite boxer jubilant in victory even before the fight took place. You've done it again, SI.

ED CURTIS
Meadville, Pa.

Sir:

Your cover did it again! It proved to be a jinx to one of the best boxers to come along, Thomas (Hit Man) Hearns. Would you please do me and thousands of other Hearns fans a favor? Keep him off the cover when he gets a rematch with Ray Leonard.

MARK DIMINICO
Fayetteville, Ark.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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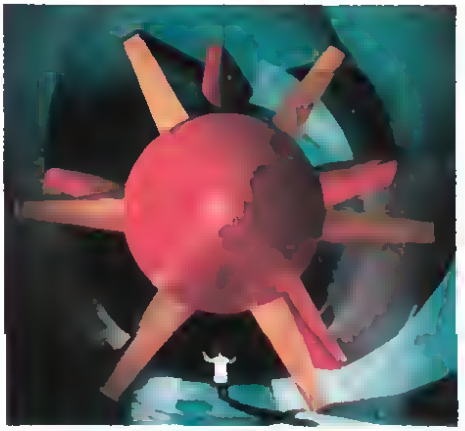

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